

# ZION'S HERALD.

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# ZION'S HERALD.

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## THE WATCHMAN AND THE PILGRIM.

BY SARA KEABLES HUNT.

Loudly roar the winds in anger,  
Not a star shines over me;  
Watchman, when the morning dawns,  
Tell me, will the darkness flee?  
Pilgrim, if thy steps are turning  
To a purer, better shore,  
Where the voice of Jesus calls thee,  
Yes, the gloom will all be o'er.  
Ah, the path is long and weary,  
Thorns lie thickly in the way,  
I am groping in the darkness,  
Longing for the coming day.  
Lonely traveler, Faith is standing  
With her outstretched, willing arm;  
Only clasp the hand extended,  
She will lead thee beyond harm.  
Lead thee where no sorrow cometh,  
No wild thorns to madden roe;  
Where sweet rest shall greet thee, pilgrim,  
On that peaceful, heavenly shore.

## THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.

ESCHATOLOGY.

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

This school of theologians dwells at great length upon the future history of Christianity as it is unrolled to their anointed eyes in prophecy. They differ from the ordinary Adventists, inasmuch as they believe in a second and a third coming of Christ—the first for the saints, and the second with them. In the first, Christ will not appear to the world, which will be in utter ignorance of that great event. At some day—not fixed in the Plymouth scheme, but near at hand—Jesus will come down with noise and tumult, like a thief, and raise the righteous dead and change the righteous living, and snatch them all up in the twinkling of an eye; and no unbeliever will notice any disturbance in the graveyard or see his believing wife or child slip out of this world into the glorified state. He will miss them, and wonder where they are. This "rapture of the saints" is foretold in 1 Thess. iv, 17. But in the latter verse there are three words indicating noise—a shout, the voice of the archangel, and the trumpet of God. But Plymouth exegesis easily explains this little objection. Dr. Tyng, the younger, says the shout is, in the Greek, a command, heard only by the living and the dead saints. The invisibility of the resurrection and the rapture are argued from Christ's resurrection and the translation of Enoch and Elijah, all of which were unobserved by the wicked world.

Again, all you know about the burglar is that your treasures are gone. You did not hear his wool-shed feet; you did not see him while he was ording about your bed. All that ordinary readers have seen in the simile, "as a thief," is the suddenness and unexpectedness of His advent. The Plymouth brethren add the perfect secrecy of His coming, work, and departure, thus making the comparison teach more than Christ ever intended.

The saints caught up into the air will be reviewed by Christ with a view to the distribution of offices under His millennial reign. It seems that the question of patronage meets Christ at the opening of His kingdom on earth, just as it vexes every new president of the United States. But Jesus will have no hostile senate to conciliate. His civil service appointments will be made according to merit, after a rigid examination. In this way the works of the saints, but not their persons, will come into judgment. The question of their personal relation to the divine government was forever adjusted when they put forth the first act of faith in Christ. All the thrones, presidencies, governorships, secretarieships, judgeships, mayoralities, etc., down to the office of justice of the peace and constable, in all nations, will then be con-

sidered as vacant. The time occupied by this inquest into the works of the saints and their assignment to office, is supposed to occupy about seven years. Then when the state of the future millennial administration is made up satisfactorily to all concerned, the King descends with all His retinue of saints in all the pomp and majesty of royalty, impressing every beholder with awe and wonder. Now He appears.

But the world to which He comes is in a sorry condition. The devil and Antichrist have driven rough-shod over the earth in the absence of the saints, and all the woes of the book of Revelation have been experienced; all the events of that book after the third chapter take place—the trumpets, the seals, and the vials.

By this time the world is sadly in need of a universal king, to bring order out of chaos. King Jesus makes Jerusalem His capital, and sends His appointees to their respective countries to enter upon their various offices. Perhaps St. Paul may mount the throne of Great Britain and the Indies, or become the President of the United States without the bother of an electoral college. The Jews are all going to wheel into line by sudden conversion like that of Saul of Tarsus, and become Christ's right-hand men—the inner circle nearest the throne. They will become the great missionary agency, traveling through all lands, and preaching Christ, the Jews' Messiah and the world's Saviour. Satan will be bound in his prison-house a thousand years, and the Gospel which was a failure for eighteen hundred years, will now begin its real conquest of the world. In fact, it never was Christ's design that the world should be converted through the great commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach, etc." That was designed only to keep alive on earth a testimony for Christ, not to inaugurate a victory.

In the absence of Satan, and in the presence of so many Hebrew Christian missionaries steaming over every sea and traversing all lands, impelled by their new-born zeal for the Nazarene, the work of conversion goes on very rapidly, and a nation is born in a day. At the close of the thousand years, there is a review of the nations, and the inquiry is made how they have treated Christ's brethren, the Jewish evangelists. This review of the nations—not of individuals—in a general judgment, is described in Matt. xxv, 31-46. If you wish to embarrass a Plymouth brother, ask him to expound the whole passage, carrying through it from beginning to end the idea that nations, and not individuals of the human family, are there judged and eternally sentenced. The brother's embarrassment will be painful, and his makeshifts will be pitiable.

At the end of the millennium Satan is loosed for a season and makes sad havoc with the converts made in his incarceration. He raises an army and encompasses the camp of the saints, and, with Antichrist, is cast into the lake of fire, the latter being a living man.

Finally, the wicked dead are raised and judged according to the description of the judgment of the dead, in Rev. xx, 12-15. To make out that only the wicked dead are judged, the Book of Life which is brought into the judgment is assumed to be blank. This is a very violent assumption, as the reader of the passage will see.

After the sentence of the wicked dead, come the new heavens and the new earth—the eternal abode of the saints, if I can make out the meaning of the Plymouth doctrine on this point. The effect of this teaching is, first, to belittle the Christian agencies now in operation by asserting that they are inadequate to the conversion of the world. Secondly, it gives a Jewish and highly materialistic turn to the kingdom of Christ, and leads to a depreciation of the spiritual manifestation of Christ by the Comforter in this life. Thirdly, it calls off the attention from the great saving truths of the Gospel, and leads believers to dwell upon airy and baseless speculations, and profitless argumentation. Fourthly: Unless the laws of mind are all changed in this generation, we predict from the history of Adventism in past ages, that the Plymouth Brethren will soon begin to fix a definite time for the Advent, which will be followed by disappointment and all the moral and spiritual disasters of Millerism.

## JOSEPH COOK AND HIS CRITICS.

BY REV. E. STUART REST.

(Concluded.)

In elucidating his theory, Mr. Cook introduces his now famous illustration taken from the school of Bronson Alcott. We present this illustration in as condensed a form as possible, feeling all the while that we are in danger of detracting from its clearness and beauty by the omission of a single word from Mr. Cook's presentation of the matter:—

"On the slopes of Beacon Hill, a New England author, who ought always to be named side by side with Pestalozzi, once made it a rule that if a pupil violated its regulations, the master should substitute his own voluntary sacrificial chastisement for his punishment."

"Bronson Alcott will allow me here and now to say, in his presence, that he has told me that this one regulation almost Christianized his school. 'One day,' says he, 'I called up before me a pupil eight or ten years of age, who had violated an important regulation of the school. All the pupils were looking on; they knew what the regulation of the school was. I put the ruler into the hand of that offending pupil. I extended my hand and told him to strike. The instant the boy saw my extended hand and heard my command, I saw a struggle begin in his face. A new light sprang up in his countenance. A new set of shuttles seemed to be weaving a new nature within him. I kept my hand extended. The school was in tears. I constantly watched his face, and he seemed in a bath of fire which was giving him a new nature. He had a different mood towards the school and towards the violated law. The boy seemed transformed by the idea that I should take chastisement in the place of punishment. He went back to his seat, and ever after was one of the most docile of all the pupils in that school, although he had been at the first one of the rudest.'"

Mr. Cook well says that "in the light of this little example are involved principles that sweep the whole curve of the Atonement, because the law is the same everywhere." Mr. Gladden fails to see in this illustration, or in the propositions founded upon it, anything like the substitution of chastisement to atone for the guilt of a transgressor. He says: "Granting that he (Alcott) had power to remove the punishment, did he remove it?" He then adds, in italicized letters: "Most certainly he did not, but inflicted it vigorously, mercilessly, thoroughly, upon the pupil."

Our author means by this that the punishment of the guilty pupil was moral; that the pain which he felt in his mind was more intense than the pain he inflicted on his master's hand; and that, therefore, the two cases, instead of being parallel, as anybody can see, are exactly at right angles. Herein is a marvelous thing—two men examining the same object and uttering conclusions respecting it so utterly adverse; where the one perceives parallels, the other describes right angles. Still, if Mr. Gladden can only show the truth of his emphatic declaration that the penalty in the school of Bronson Alcott was inflicted upon the culprit, then his right-angle declaration is an actual demonstration. But in this attempt he makes an utter failure. Mr. Bronson's expedient was not the primary law of the school; the expedient never could have come into existence had there not been another law upon which it was established. The very language in which the adoption of plan is described, plainly proves this point. The offending pupil shall be compelled to chastise the teacher. Now this word "compelled" is an absurdity, unless it implies that if the pupil refuses to inflict this chastisement, the ordinary penalty of the incorrigible transgressor will be visited directly upon himself. Still, Mr. Gladden most vehemently insists: "In Mr. Alcott's school the penalty of the law was rigorously inflicted upon the transgressor. This punishment was so contrived as to strike them in the tenderest part of their nature; it was vigorously, mercilessly, and thoroughly inflicted." To plan and execute such a refined piece of cruelty as this, places the character of Mr. Alcott in no favorable light. Such an imputation might be looked upon as a slander on Pedagogue Squeers of Dotheboys Hall; much more should we regard it when it is attributed to the modern Pestalozzi of Beacon Hill.

But this is not all. Let us follow the logic of our author a little further, and see where it will bring us out. He declares that "every sin is followed by the infliction of its appropriate penalty promptly falling upon the transgressor." "They were never on behalf of any man remitted, and they never will be." He says further, and says truly: "No man can deny that his sins crucified his Saviour, unless he can deny that human nature belongs to him." If this be so, then it follows that we—humanity—stand in the place of the guilty pupil. The aggrieved school-master, with outstretched hand, imperatorates the Son of God. But why this demand for the guilty one to arise and chastise the innocent? Why, according to our reviewer's theory, the cross to which we nailed Him was a punishment so contrived as to strike us—His crucifiers—in the tenderest part of our nature, "until a great horror of remorse and contrition might fill our souls and make us snail upon our breasts, saying, 'Truly, this was a righteous man.'" Jesus makes the physical sufferings which we inflict upon Him the means of inflicting an intensified mental suffering upon us. Then, according to this logic, the Son of Man bath not power on earth to forgive, only to punish, sin. Then Jesus of Nazareth is the inquisitor-general of the universe. O Thou suffering Son of God, hast Thou not endured enough for us men and our salvation, without being obliged to bear this new indignity—the brand of Dominic stamped upon Thy thorn-crowned brow?

## HOPEFUL SIGNS.

BY REV. S. R. DENNEN, D. D.

The prayer of the Psalmist, "O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity!" was never more general than at this time. The signs are unusually hopeful. The first flush of a new day seems to streak everywhere the east. Voices of prophecy and promise reach us from all lands. The immediate future seems to indicate a great onward movement. The prayer goes swelling up in a hundred different languages, beginning in the far east and traveling westward until the whole earth is belted with a zone of prayer, "O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity!"

This prayer is a most inclusive one. It anticipates the hour, not far distant, I trust, when Jesus shall reign, not as now over a few hearts and sporadic localities, but from sea to sea and from pole to pole; when Paradise, man's first pure home, shall once more be restored—no longer the cot of a single pair close by the borders of Havilah, but the whole ransomed earth crowded with happy millions. It forecasts the time when the nations shall sit together; when the Church shall be unified by a simpler faith and a single purpose; when prisons, jails, houses of correction and all the horrid enginery and curse of war shall disappear; when every man shall be a law unto himself; when courts shall fall for lack of causes and clients; when all political friction shall cease; when international laws shall be codified and kept, and all the nations that dwell upon the face of the whole earth shall become one family in Christ Jesus; when

"A Saviour's love is country, this and home." This time is surely and speedily coming. Many, well pleased to know whereof they speak, believe the present century will not pass away before the offer of salvation is made to every man, woman and child on the face of the globe. In the light of this prayer, and under the impulse of this hopeful prophecy and the improved signs of the times, it may do something to contribute to bring about these results, so devoutly to be wished, to discuss some of the great facts and principles which underlie this unified onward movement.

1. It must be a unified movement. Not, perhaps, that all denominational lines are to disappear—all this is not desirable, even if it were possible—but that the Christian Church should have the grand unity of a well-disciplined and well-handled army. This was the great, stirring thought which filled the mind of Paul and was more nearly realized in the early Church than it ever has been since, and which must return once more before we realize the progress we hope for. The competent and conquering army, though drilled under different leaders and according to various tactics, yet moves in a compact, concentrated body upon one point, to accomplish a single purpose. They are not alienated by a controversy about manuals, or creeds, or confessions, about modes of government, and whether their chaplains shall pray orally or by the book, and those prayer things which consume so much of the zeal of our different denominations of Christians. Private opinions and preferences are put aside; all differences of opinions are held in abeyance under one master spirit—love of comity, and one pronounced purpose, to win a victory. This must be the unity of the Church. It must crystallize more and more about one great idea—the salvation of men. It must be intent—all on fire—with the purpose of carrying the world for Christ, not by and by, but now, at once.

2. This, of course, will necessitate a revival of our creeds and politics. It will compel the elimination of some things from them all, and the emphasizing of those principles and doctrines, common to all, and loved by every Christian heart. I believe, most devoutly and thoroughly, that the Church of the future will be simpler—have less and better theology, simpler worship; will strike more directly and earnestly at one vital point—the salvation of men. The walls of partition, which keep Christian men and women apart, will melt, must melt, under the heat of this one master, absorbing thought—to extend the kingdom of heaven as rapidly as possible over the whole earth. This intense fire will burn away our differences, purge our dross, and fuse us into one.

Nor do I apprehend any great trouble in bringing about this unifying of the Church, in this one onward movement. Let once the purpose possess every Christian heart and mind, to carry the world for Christ, and they will soon come together. We need not waste a moment considering what one denomination or another must give up in order to harmonize. But let every one of us, whatever our ecclesiastical affiliations, set right about saving men, with a purpose to do all that in us lies to bring back a revolted world to Christ, and we shall find ourselves shoulder to shoulder, palm in palm, in wonderful accord. Under the passion and glow of this great idea we shall drop instinctively what is unsuited, in each Church and creed, to the progress of the world's salvation, and retain whatever is fit and felicitous, just as the great orator, in the heat and march of thought, culls, by the swiftness of intuition, from his mass of data, what suits his purpose, and spurns what has no place in it. Once let the consecrating fire come down from heaven and burn in our hearts and sit as a flame upon our lips, and with our eyes fixed upon one blazing star—the world's salvation—we shall soon enough find ourselves walking and working together.

3. This unifying fire we invoke is the love of Christ for lost men. Every religion which has either cursed or blessed mankind, has had some unifying impulse which has propagated it, and secured its prosperity. The personal love of the Lord Jesus Christ for men under sin, is that impulse in the Christian Church. In this love resides the power which is to make His Church a unit and conquer a revolted world. It will compel an answering love.

"Light to light responsive, beam to beam,  
And love in faithfulness and love."  
A power which kindles such a devotion, and creates such love between Redeemer and redeemed, and gives us such a story to tell, is the one great secret of the spread of the Gospel. Our politics and confessions, our modes of worship, have mighty little to do with it. Love conquers and wins where creeds and dogmas are powerless. This brings the whole man into sweet captivity, and enlists every faculty in the success of Christ's kingdom.

This united love of Christ and His friends differences the Church of God from every other organization, and is the secret of her success. We might have built school houses, asylums and hospitals on every hill-top and at every cross-road of the Sandwich Islands; we might have wrought among their inhabitants with all the appliances of modern civilization, and they would have remained roaming cannibals. But we sent, instead, men and women inspired with the love of Jesus for lost men. They told these barbarians of their Beloved, and what He had done for their souls. This simple story won upon them until Christ reigns to-day over those Islands as scarcely anywhere on earth. Education, industry, arts, sciences, benevolence, sanitary and humane efforts, and all those rare and later outgrowths of Christian civilization, spring up in the path of this conquering love as naturally as flowers under the foot of June.

The process is the same, both at home and abroad, the whole world over, whether we seek to win one soul, or a fallen race, or our own neighborhood, or a vast empire like China. The achieving, unifying power is the love of Christ for lost men. When this possesses and controls us, when it burns as a fire in our bones, in the Church as a whole, these prophecies and promises of an immediate, glorious future will be realized. Here is persuasion and argument, theology and ethics. Here is civilization and culture. Here is a mighty compulsion which carries by storm the rebellious heart. Here the tidings of a power which will bear the Church on to triumph and universal acceptance. This the chariot, all paved with love, in which our King rides to victory.

Now, what part shall we have in this winter in this new movement formed all along the lines? Let our own souls be fired with this love; let the idea of a world's immediate salvation take masterful possession of our whole being; let every weight which hinders the Church from moving together be cast aside, and one hearty move be made to save men. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

The question whether I defend historical orthodoxy or accredited orthodoxy is a very minor matter compared with the inquiry whether I defend truth. What do I care what historical orthodoxy is, or what accredited orthodoxy is? We desire to know what the truth is. That latter question is here always put in the foreground. But I defy most indignantly, in the name of these scholars, who have by their presence done more a thousand times to carry any thought uttered here out on the wings of print, than anything I have done—I defy indignantly all who would assert that I am not in harmony with accredited orthodoxy in New England.—JOSEPH COOK.

## "GOOD COMETH."

BY REV. C. ADAMS, D. D.

II.

And are there instances of its coming that are seemingly extraordinary? Yes, and their name is legion. Glance at a few:—

Jacob was, by no means, the best of men; and to save his life, was obliged to retire for a time from his native country. On his way he slept at a certain place, and had a dream "that was not all a dream." He saw a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it, and the great God above it speaking to him and saying: "Behold, I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. I will not leave thee." Jacob awoke, worshipped, pledged himself to God and His service, and went on his way rejoicing.

David was one of several boys—the youngest one—a shepherd boy abiding with the sheep while his elder brothers were away in the army. One morning, at his father's bidding, he goes to the camp, several miles away, to see those brothers and how they fare. While there, the Philistine giant stalks forth, repeating his daily challenge to the armies of Israel. David listens; and while every one else trembles, he calmly and single-handed advances to meet the formidable foe, subdues him, becomes the centre of all eyes, the song of the multitudes, and rises thence to the throne of Israel.

Solomon slept one night at Gibeath—a few miles out from Jerusalem. In his dreams that night God came to him with the strange announcement, "Ask what I shall give thee!" Asking, he suddenly received extraordinary wisdom—wisdom beyond what had ever been given to men; also riches and honor unasked for, and beyond those of all other kings and princes, with the promise, besides, of long life, if faithful to his God.

Elisha was ploughing one day with twelve yoke of oxen. It seemed an ordinary day; and no hint had been given this great farmer, that his huge team or its work would be interfered with. But, at some hour of the day, a grave, solemn man is seen approaching in the distance. His walk is deliberate, and he feels no interest in the field work that is progressing. But coming near, and still pursuing his way in silence, he throws, as he passes, his mysterious mantle upon Elisha. The ploughman ploughed no more; but left his field, to be henceforth one of God's great prophets, the successor of Elijah, and the witness of his triumphant ascension to the heavenly world; and to catch with his falling mantle a double portion of his prophetic spirit.

Peter, Andrew, James and John, like Elisha long before, were one day engaged in their ordinary occupation—the first two in the act of fishing, the other two preparing their nets for the same work. These four men, doubtless, expected nothing that day beyond what was usual in the general routine of their humble business. But a man ("if it be lawful to call him a man") approached the shore, and addressing them, gives utterance to the strange proposal, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men!" So they, too, left all and followed the stranger, became disciples and apostles of the great Messiah, and gave their names—otherwise unknown and unthought of—to be had in everlasting remembrance.

Saul of Tarsus was a wicked man, actually engaged in the work of wickedness; and was journeying to Damascus in pursuance thereof. He was not in the innocent and useful business of ploughing like Elisha, or of fishing like Peter and his associates, or watching the flocks like David; nor was he sleeping like Jacob and Solomon; but he was miserably campaigning against the Lord of Hosts. Can some great good come suddenly, and even miraculously, to such a one? Yes, but not for his wickedness, but in spite of it, and because of God's unalterable mercy. An immense good comes in a moment and arrests the footbray rebel, shapes the lion into a lamb, changes him utterly, calls him with a high and heavenly calling, commissions him to sound out the Gospel of peace through the world, puts in his hand the pen of inspiration, makes him the principal writer of the new dispensation—a writer and teacher whose words of light and fire and love go blazing down through all succeeding generations, and wielding an influence more potent and excellent than all uninspired wisdom combined, and such as will overlay the horizon of time, and flow on to mingle itself with the glories of the immortal years.

"But these examples," says one, "are all Scriptural and superhuman. We need, for our encouragement, some specimens less ancient, less distant and awful." Well, still wait a little.

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

[Extracts from the report of Rev. J. Cook's lectures, in the Daily Advertiser.]

You have here in the North End, close under your windows, children that are born cherubic, possibly, but who grow impossibly fast. They are allowed by the dance hall. They look out of their cradles into brotherhood. Behind their nursery windows stand the reeking stables. Up and down the gutters men whom drink has made demons wander and curse in the hearing of the young ears. Women, whom drink has made furies, preside, it may be, at their cradles. They do not pity the aged there. The shittleness of the Portuguese and the Italians and the Irish, and the nineteen other nationalities who are represented in that Black Sea, deserves the spur of hunger, you say. But are the children to blame for being there? Have they not a right to a permanent place in your city? Surely they did not choose the spot in which they should come into the world. After all that we say haughtily about letting vice take its own course, we must remember that children start weighted in the race of life, and that we put on some of the weights if we allow these desolate quarters to go without religious, social and financial visitation.

There are many Saxon faces in this audience. The blue eyes, the white forehead, the blonde cheek, the fair hair, are signs of the Anglo-Saxon lineage. That race rules the world to-day. It may not always rule it. It rules it for a cause. That race has given to us Goethe and Milton and Shakespeare; and Bacon and Kant and Hamilton and Edwards; and Cromwell and Washington and Lincoln. It wrote Magna Charta, the English Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States. It has bridged the ocean with its commerce, and traversed it with its electric wires. That race, in its German forests, was noted for nothing so much as the spotlessness of its private morals. While yet barbarians, our German fathers, as the Roman historians state, buried the adulterer alive in the mud. The adulterers they whipped through the streets. "Non fornicet," says Tacitus, "non est, non opibus, maritum sinecrist." "Neither beauty, nor youth, nor wealth, found her a husband." "They considered," Tacitus says, "that there was something divine in woman, and that she presaged the future, and they did not scorn her counsel and responses." Youth were taught chivalrous notions of honor. Out of this race sprang the heroes of this race which has proved itself, in the hurrying contests of a thousand years, both in peace and war, superior to all relaxed Italian and French tribes as the leader of all the world's civilization. The purity of the race in the German forests prophesied their future. The hiding of the purest of the Anglo-Saxon race has been in the fact that it was at the first free from the sin of Sodom and Gomorrah. That race is passing the trial of luxury. It is passing the trial of power. It is passing the trial of luxury. In the German wilds our fathers, as the Romans found them, were as a race as pure as the dew of the forests shook upon their heads. That race has predominated in history because free, even when barbarian, from what elsewhere has been the commonest leprosy of barbarism. It will continue to predominate if it continues free. If the Anglo-Saxon race has shown exceptional vigor, the chief secret of its power is to be found in its reverence for a pure family life. It will continue to have power and rule the world if it continues that pure life; otherwise not.

In 1834 what was happening in Germany? Strauss had just risen above the horizon—a star that shook down terror on many scholarly circles, but which we have seen at last observed before its setting. You may find, I hold in my hand a citation from the Life of Strauss, by Zeller, professor at Heidelberg University, and he says: "The public discussions of Strauss' final work: 'The Old and New Faith,' were almost without exception disapproving. Average theological liberalism pressed forward eagerly to renounce all compromise with association with Strauss after he published this last statement of his mythical theory." This is the language of an admiring biographer. Strauss was "deeply grieved," and was accustomed to say: "Criticism has run all to leaves." You know that on the coffin of Bismarck there was borne to his grave a manuscript of his last work, a volume, immortally; and appropriately, it has been borne to Strauss' coffin to this grave his last work, restating his mythical theory, if only that theory had not, as every scholar knows, died and been buried before its author. I hold, my friends, that Strauss' mind, which, in spite of all the brilliancy of his criticism in detail, shows itself with particular fulness in his very latest work, is a double lack a want of historical and of religious insight. "The truth is, that this last and the most important work of Strauss, which, when I was in Germany, I had the honor of reviewing for an American periodical (see Bibliotheca Sacra, 1876), was disowned by average radicalism, as full of positions that cannot be defended."

Self-evident truths, axioms—they will not go out of date in mathematics. They must teach all men to believe in religious axioms, as we have taught some to believe in mathematics. We must go on and on, and the more, if we do not wait for the sun, or a knowledge of man's whole nature, to rise. But he who waits for the sun will not be disappointed. The Koran says that when Abraham set out on his travels he was insufficiently acquainted with religious truth. He saw the star of evening, and said: "This is my God." But the star went down, and Abraham said: "I care not for gods which set." He waited until the constellations appeared, and then said: "These are my gods." But the galaxies were carried beneath the west, and he said: "I care not for gods which set." When the moon rose he said: "This is my God." But the moon, too, went down. When the sun uprose he saluted it as king, but the wheeling sky carried the king of day behind the flaming pines of the west. And Abraham in the holy twilight, turning his face toward the ascending star, said to his people: "I give myself to Him who was, and is, and is to come, Father of the stars and moon and sun, and who ever was, because He is the Eternal Now."



## MISCELLANEOUS.

## NATURE AND ART.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,  
Her darling child, in whom we trace  
The features of her mother's face,  
Her aspect and her attitude,  
All her majestic loveliness  
Chastened and softened and subdued  
Into a more attractive grace,  
And with a human sense imbued.  
He is the greatest artist, then,  
Whether of pencil or of pen.  
Who follows Nature. Never man,  
As artist or as artisan,  
Pursuing his own fantasies,  
Can touch the human heart, or please,  
Or satisfy our nobler needs,  
As he who sets his willing feet  
In Nature's foot-prints, light and fleet,  
And follows fearless where she leads,  
LONGFELLOW, in *Harper's*.

## METHODISM AND UNION.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER, D. D.

In an article lately written from Vine-land, and published in the *HERALD*, it was announced that I was about to commence revival exercises in New Haven, Conn. I have, accordingly, been here about two weeks, preaching every evening in the George Street M. E. Church, Rev. G. A. Parkington, pastor. We had seven forward for prayers the first evening, which has been variously increased since from ten to thirty or more, embracing about seventy different persons, including husbands and wives, parents and children. Still the work goes on with unabating interest, indicating favorably for the coming winter.

New Haven is a charming city of nearly fifty thousand inhabitants and fifty-five Churches, as follows: Fifteen Congregationalist, thirteen Methodist, ten Protestant Episcopal, seven Catholic, six Baptist, one Lutheran, one Universalist and two Jewish. The Congregationalists predominate, of course, having settled the town in 1638, or 1641 years before Jesse Lee preached the first Methodist sermon within its well-guarded precincts. Their Yale college, too, chartered in 1701, has greatly helped them. Its principal buildings occupy a square of about nine acres in the very heart of the city, to say nothing of many others which have been purchased or donated in close proximity. It is a grand affair, and has vested funds of \$1,500,000, and an annual income of \$235,465. Elihu Yale, one of its first patrons, from whom it derived its name, little knew what he was doing when he contributed less than \$2,500 to the support of its infant aspirations. It numbers, in all departments, some ten hundred and fifty students.

But this is wandering from the point. I did not intend to say more of New Haven than that it is "just splendid"—an ornament to the State and the country. But now that I have wandered so widely, I will add, that I yesterday called on our old friend and fellow-laborer, Rev. Amos Binney, now much prostrated by age and infirmities, but, singularly enough, living comfortably, right under the shadow of Yale's unequalled elms and architectural ornaments. He is just issuing his running commentary on the New Testament, specimens of which I examined years ago, and thought so well of as to contract with him to publish it at the Book Concern.

To return now to the main subject of this letter, permit me to say that I have always been suspicious of union measures between us and other denominations with whom we hold so little in common beyond the general principles of Protestantism. Methodists originally dissented from the "five points" of Calvinism, and were assailed and discarded therefor in Europe and in this country with great bitterness for many years. If any one of the Calvinistic denominations has officially repudiated these points, we have yet to be informed of the fact. Their late theological writers seek to "hold the fort," and seem proud of their ancestry, though they cautiously employ much milder terms than their fathers did. Still it is plain enough to see that they do insist on "special election," "effectual calling," the "infallible perseverance of the saints," etc.

With regard to the nature of conversion, or the new birth, they are very much divided, some making it to consist in a mere resolution to lead a religious life; others in the belief that Christ paid their debt to divine justice by His death, thus canceling their past, present and future sins; while with some, it is fair dealing with men, accompanied by more or less religious ceremony.

Similar differences exist with regard to measures. We preach repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, involving the breaking off of sins by righteousness, and integrity by turning to God—the open confession of sin and of Christ, coming out from the world, etc. Others preach, "Believe! Believe! Believe!" They neither ask for repentance nor obedience. They tell us the moral law was canceled by the Atonement, and is no longer binding. With some others, all the sinner has to do, is to be baptized and join the Church, and receive priestly absolution. This places him on the King's highway, and his funeral services will be solemnized in faith and hope that he has gone to heaven, though he died drunk and in the practice of other flagrant sins.

Methodists require their candidates to renounce "the world, the flesh, and the devil;" "to come out from the world and be separate;" to avoid "such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus;" "to avoid evil of every kind, doing to others as they would that they should do unto them."

Then, again, we believe in a freedom

in religious services to which others object, and which has to be restricted the moment that we unite with them, in feeling, if not in form. The result is,—

1. That all parties are more or less embarrassed. Others may do better than they would without us, but we generally fall short of our usual effectiveness. Our ladies, knowing that some of the parties to the union are opposed to their participating in public services, remain silent, or act under restraint. The same is often true of young and less experienced brethren, so that the work is chiefly done by the bolder and more prominent brotherhood.

2. A conflict of measures is another unfavorable result. One prefers inviting seekers forward to the front seats or altar; others think it better to take them to the inquiry room; while some choose to let them alone, or, at most, ask them to raise a hand. And when they have expressed their purpose to be Christians, in any way, some pronounce them converted, while we consider them only hopeful candidates for conversion.

3. But, what is still worse, Methodists, by entering into the alliance, acknowledge that the doctrinal and practical errors of the other parties to the arrangement are not important, and do not impair their claim to piety, though forbidden by our discipline, and considered sufficiently wicked to exclude a person from the Church. That is, what we pronounce *sin* in our own Church, we fellowship as Christian in other Churches. Is this right?

4. The union services ended, then comes a scramble for the converts, when the loving assumptions of "oneness," or "no essential difference," are skillfully employed to our disadvantage, and sectarian zeal assumes its native activity and power. It being conceded by us that all the united Churches are essentially orthodox and religious, the converts naturally gravitate towards the Church of their ancestors, or toward that which will require the least personal sacrifice, and afford the largest social and financial advantage—which is not generally ours, we being the youngest and most abused of all concerned.

This natural order of things is sustained by facts. We have recently preached a few days in a village where our Church has been engaged in a sort of revival union for years, with two old denominations which seldom make a convert to God by their own efforts. It has acted as a sort of juxta to these two lions, which could not kill it, and therefore concluded to use it to scare up game for them to catch; which it has done most effectually, leaving itself uncomfortably lean and weak. The present pastor sees the folly of this course, and proposes to mind his own business and take care of his own people, and begins already to reap the fruit of his doings.

Since leaving that place, I have encountered another case of the kind, in which one of our Churches has not only lost its labor in union efforts, but has given thirty letters to that number of its members, to join those Churches which it endorsed as "all right" by said efforts, and received none in return. And this is no more than they might have expected. If those heretical and fashionable Churches are *Christian* Churches in our sense of the term, Methodism has no business or right in the neighborhood, and ought to be "closed out" at once. If not, the Church referred to ought to be ashamed of its infidelity to God and its own professed principles and objects in endorsing them. There is no apology for it, and we cannot see how any loyal preacher can be seduced into an alliance so suicidal. If a man is a traitor at heart, and is candiding for a call to another denomination, the case is easily explained; but few, we hope, are so unprincipled as to betray their voluntarily assumed trusts for so small a consideration.

But don't infer from these remarks, Mr. Editor, that I am for war with our denominational neighbors. This is not the case. They have constructed their creeds and plans of procedure to suit themselves, and I am willing that they should enjoy them. We have ours—in many respects different, essentially so both in doctrine and practice. What I oppose is a false pretense of union where there really is none in fact. The idea that religion is damaged by our differences, and that that damage is neutralized by the assumed fellowships to which I demur, is entirely fallacious. The world understands our doctrinal disagreements, and are less injured by them than by hollow pretenses to agreement. They respect the Church that stands by its principles. The late Pan-Protestant convention honored itself in making the most Calvinistic of all Calvinism the basis of their union. It is the very platform which John Wesley exploded more than a century ago. Let us learn wisdom by their honest adherence to their profession, and do the work to which God has called us, in our own way.

## BIBLE ESCHATOLOGY. SHALL WE PREACH IT?

BY REV. T. A. GOODWIN.

Most emphatically, yes! For if "the things to come" are not ours, if our faith is to relate only to things seen, then we cut off from our most precious hopes and joys. But does not the experience of others in dealing with "last things" admonish us to be very marginal and modest in our interpretation of the Bible relation to the unseen and unknown? It is only about

nineteen hundred years since there was a famous theological school in connection with the Jerusalem University, presided over by no less a person than the learned Dr. Gamaliel, whose fame brought students from far-off Cilicia, among whom was a young man of good preliminary training, named Saul, who, after completing his collegiate course at Tarsus, went to this theological school to study divinity.

As the comparative anatomist takes fragments of extinct animals and constructs a skeleton so like the original that we can form an approximate idea of the moving, living creature which inhabited the earth in former times, so it is not difficult to construct a very complete lecture for Dr. Gamaliel before his theological class, from the fragments which may be unearthed by any careful explorer of ancient literary deposits. It runs thus: "Nothing is plainer than the on-coming future. Our brethren, the prophets, have so completely and minutely mapped it out, that he who cannot read it must be stupid. There is a glorious future before us. Let us approach it step by step, taking the isolated predictions of the several prophets as they come in the order of time:—

"First, Elijah, the prophet, is to be sent (see Brother Malachi). Mark, this is not to be Elijah, a prophet, but Elijah, the prophet—the veritable Tishbite who had the controversy with wicked Ahab. It will not be difficult to recognize him. His long beard and his flowing mantle will point him out. He is to come before 'that great and dreadful day of the Lord.'"

"Second, then comes that great and dreadful day. Brother Malachi says: 'The day shall burn as an oven, and the wicked shall be burned as stubble,' nor leave root nor branch. Brother Joel says: 'The sun shall be darkened, and the moon turned to blood.' Brother Nahum says: 'The earth is burned at His presence, yea, the world and all that dwell therein.' This forebodes fearful political revolutions not unlike that which attended the deliverance of our fathers from Babylon. Brother Isaiah, foretelling that deliverance, used almost identical figures. He said: 'The sun shall be darkened, and the moon withdraw her light. I will shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place,' and he himself applies it to Babylon, and our fathers were delivered accordingly. These later prophecies relate to the cruel bondage we are now suffering from the Roman people.

"Third, then follows the good time coming. First, we shall have a season then forward forever of unexampled prosperity. Brothers Isaiah and Micah both say that 'the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains.' This means universal dominion. It is to be accomplished chiefly by nations voluntarily flowing into us; but if they will not 'flow' voluntarily, then our people are to be furnished 'a horn of iron and hoofs of brass' with which they shall beat in pieces many people; and all this is to be under a king who shall be 'a rod of Jesse.' No foreigner shall thereafter reign over us; no Caesar, no Nebuchadnezzar. He shall be a son of David, a Hebrew of the Hebrews. Most glorious consummation! But, secondly, consider the state of society. There is to be not only a subjugation of all nations, but a transformation of even the animals. There will be lions, and wolves, and leopards, but they will be as gentle and docile as kids, and little children will lead them as they now lead these. There will be asps and adders, but they will be playthings for sucking babes and weaned children. Indeed, 'nothing shall hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain.' Look out for Elijah. He must first come. Nothing can be done until Elijah has been sent."

This was the tenor of all the lectures upon eschatology in that famous theological school for a half century, and the successive graduating classes communicated the theology thus taught to all their hearers until it required more than one lesson from the Prophet of Nazareth to convince even his most attentive hearers that it was a mistake; and not even the terrible events of forty years later, in which Jerusalem was laid waste, as the Nazarene Teacher said it would be, were sufficient to dispel their notions of "last things;" for until this day the Jew in all lands holds fast to the eschatology of the theological school of Jerusalem as it was two thousand years ago.

Professor Nicodemus was the only member of the faculty who expressed any doubts as to the possible future. In the language of modern times, he "weakened," but he could present no satisfactory substitute; besides, he had been known to associate with the new Teacher of Nazareth, which rendered his opinions utterly valueless in whatever they differed from the creed of the school. Under such lectures on eschatology, the class graduated, as classes had for a hundred years, each believing that there awaited the Jewish nation a most marvelous future, the exact details of which the prophets had so marked out that mistake was impossible.

What must have been the indignation, therefore, of these recent graduates, as, passing down the streets a few days afterwards, they heard a stentorian voice, in Galilean dialect, proclaiming: "Ye men of Judea, be this known unto you, this is that which was spoken unto you by the prophet Joel: 'The sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood. These are the last days.' And their indignation was increased as they saw the effect upon the multitude of this ap-

plication of Joel's prophecy, which they had always referred to the overthrow of the Roman oppression. A few days later, when one Stephen was in a like manner applying similar prophecies, one of the class just graduated held the clothes of the young men who stoned him for the perversion of the prophecies.

After such an exhibition of blundering in attempting to explain last things, why should any sensible man speak dogmatically concerning the unknown? There is a heaven, but whether it be a walled city or a verdant plain doth not yet appear. There is a place of torment for the unrepentant, but what, or where it is, need not be explained. In short, let us preach Bible eschatology, but let us be careful that we do not attach too great importance to our personal views, or to the opinions of the fathers, concerning the details of the things to come.

Indianapolis, Ind., 1877.

## THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

BY MACGOWAN.

This assembly is not legislative, but only deliberative, and yet its decisions carry great moral influence, and are very generally accepted by the Churches which it represents. It holds two sessions each year—one in the spring and one in the autumn. This year, for the first time I believe, its chairman is a layman, and a gentleman of large and long political experiences and observation, and one of the leaders of the Liberal Society. He is an eloquent speaker, and an active and influential member of the House of Commons. The autumnal meetings have just closed, in the city of Leicester. The chairman's address was on the "Application of Christianity to Politics."

There is a Congregational Total Abstinence Society, and in connection with this a meeting was held, presided over by Edward Baines, esq., Rev. Newman Hall was among the speakers. Another speaker, chairman of a railway company, said that as they visited the town of Leicester, they would see that there were two asylums for lunatics, a very large workhouse, and two gaols; and, if any questions were asked respecting the inmates there it would be found that most of them owed their position to the use of intoxicating drinks. Canon Wilberforce, the son of a Bishop now deceased, and grandson of the illustrious philanthropist of that name, said, a few days ago in Manchester, in referring to this subject: "I venture to say, even if I am called unpatriotic for saying it, that there is more blood on the escutcheon of England at this moment than there is on the escutcheon of Turkey. I accuse my country, though I love my country, of adopting a policy which is subversive of the morals of her people. I accuse my country of having first set the example of this kind of legislation by forcing the accused opium traffic upon China; by growing upon millions of acres of what ought to be food-producing land in India the opium to send to China. I accuse her of going forth to colonize other nations with the brandy bottle in one hand and the Bible in the other. And I accuse my country of gaining the major part of her revenue from the vice and immorality of the nation."

Another subject discussed at the Congregational Union was one which is exciting much controversy at the present time. It is disturbing the equanimity of the various Presbyterian bodies in Scotland, provoking not a little dissension within the pale of the Established Church of England, has introduced itself into Methodism, and will likely continue to be the subject of debate in ecclesiastical assemblies for some time: The doctrinal basis of ecclesiastical communion, or the grounds of mutual ecclesiastical comity and reciprocity of pulpits courtesies. A meeting was called to discuss this question. Dr. Henry Allison said: "Men must be agreed on great fundamental principles, or else they could not act together; and I say it is not intolerance that limits the communion of men who think differently on religious matters; it is the necessities of human nature and of practical life." Dr. Allison is one of the very foremost men of his denomination, and his name is familiar to the Congregationalists of two hemispheres as one of the representative men of English independency, and one of the ablest preachers in London. His utterances at the Union were as timely as they were unexpected.

During the sessions of the Union a telegram was received announcing the death of James Parsons, of York. For many years James Parsons was as influential in that city as the Archbishop, and was certainly more so throughout England. He was once chairman of the Union. His ministerial life was spent in York, and his first charge was his last. For many years he consecutively traveled, on an average, 4,000 miles to fulfill his engagements, and preached 365 sermons in the year; and yet his voice was weak and his utterance was hesitating and rapid alternately, and he had no gesture but the measured and impressive lifting of the hand. He was a true and fearless preacher of the Gospel, and preached law as well as love, never divorcing Sinai from the Cross. Thomas Taylor, who was president of the Wesleyan Conference in 1796, once rode six hundred miles to preach in Glasgow, and spoke in the open air to a congregation consisting of two boys and two old women. Little did he think on that occasion that his death would give to the hymnology of the universal

Church one of its sweetest songs—that entitled the "Christian Soldier." In his last sermon on an evening before his death, he said he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand. And so it was, for on the night after,—

"The cry at midnight came;  
He started up to hear,  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;  
He fell, but felt no fear.  
"His spirit at a bound  
Left its encumbering clay;  
His tent at sunrise on the ground  
A darkened ruin lay."

It was in these strains that the poet Montgomery—Sheffield's immortal bard—wrote of the death of Taylor. The hymn has been applied to the death of many a minister of the Gospel, and to that of no one could some of its verses be more applicable than to the death of the faithful Parsons.

"Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle of the victory one,  
Enter thy Master's joy!"

## DR. STEELE'S "PLYMOUTH BRETHREN."

MR. EDITOR: I want to thank Dr. Daniel Steele for the very timely and valuable series of papers passing through ZION'S HERALD, on the doctrinal views of the Plymouth Brethren. I wish to ask you to republish the following extract from his paper of Nov. 15th, and in connection with it an extract from a sermon of Mr. D. L. Moody on the "Six 'One Things,'" preached in the New York Hippodrome in the spring of 1876, and published in a volume entitled, "Glad Tidings," page 371.

Dr. Steele, noticing the Plymouth views, that the believer once incorporated into Christ by an act of faith, has absolute certainty of final salvation, and that there is to be no general judgment of the righteous and the wicked, says:—

"The grand reason why the saints will not be judged, lies in the fact that their sins were judged on the cross and condemned once for all, and the believer need not have any concern about his sins past, present and future, since in the sight of God they are blotted out forever. Very comforting doctrine, this! The future immorality of the saints are annihilated by the blood of Christ; and we are the saints. We have a certificate of our heavenly standing signed and sealed by the Holy Spirit. This is my paid up, non-forfeiting insurance policy. An occasional outburst of unholiness or indulgence in the lusts of the flesh may becloud my communion for an hour, but they cannot damage my standing in Christ or vitiate my title to life everlasting. If one should fall into habitual sin, 'he only sleeps.' As sleep does not affect the validity of a man's title-deeds to his farms, so spiritual sleep the most profound does not damage my title to the skies. Precious doctrine! Who is so unbelieving as not to fall in love with it at first sight, especially if he be a periodical Christian and is most of the time at the apothecary?"

Mr. Moody, in singular accord with this representation, says:—

"Some people say, 'How are you going to be sure until you have got the judgment?' You have got to wait until you are brought before the Judge. Thank God, we are not ever going to be brought into judgment. 'Don't let any one say every one shall be brought into judgment?' they ask. Yes; but that is already passed. I have been brought into judgment nearly one thousand times, hundred years ago at Calvary. If Christ was not Judge for me, who was He Judge for? If He didn't settle the claims of sin, what did He go into judgment for? What does the Cross mean if it was not for judgment? But they say, 'Don't let any one say every man must give an account of himself for the deeds done in the body?' Certainly, every one must give an account of his stewardship, but not for sin. That is already settled. Don't let any one say in the Scripture, 'Know ye not that your sin shall not be mentioned against you?' We are going to sit upon the throne at the right hand of God himself. We are not going into judgment."

Perhaps it may be well for us, while esteeming beloved brethren very highly in the Lord for their works' sake, to bear in mind the apostolic injunction, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." A. MCKEOWN.

Auburndale, Nov. 21.

## RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Princeton has conferred the degree of LL. D. on President Bartlett of Dartmouth College.

Mr. Moody is forty years of age, and Mr. Sankey thirty-seven. The two have worked together for seven years.

The Rev. Henry M. Parsons, recently of this city, has been installed pastor of the Lafayette Street Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, N. Y.

During the last week of October the first missionaries of the mission which the University of Cambridge has planned to Delhi, started for their post. They are the Revs. E. Bickerteth, M. A., and J. D. Murray, B. A. Two others will shortly follow.

The revival on Corisco Island, one of the stations of the Gaboon Mission, West Africa, still continues. The Church now numbers about 100 members and there are 78 inquirers on the roll.

According to the *Evangelist* more than 43,000 were added last year to the Presbyterian Church in the North. Sixteen Churches received more than one hundred members each. Four of these were Chicago Churches.

The first Baptist chapel in Rome is in the Piazza Lucina. On the site where it is believed once stood the place of the Roman Senator, Pudens, whom Paul visited and of whom he speaks with much affection, a freehold has

been purchased, and a chapel, a minister's residence, and two school-rooms are in course of erection, at a cost of about \$3,000.

Rev. Robert Turnbull, D. D., who died at Hartford, Conn., recently, aged 68, was born near Edinburgh, Scotland; educated in the Glasgow University; preached in England and Scotland; came to this country in 1833; settled over the Church in Danbury, Conn.; afterwards in Detroit, and the Harvard Street Baptist Church of Boston; for twenty-four years, from 1845 to 1869, was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Hartford; from 1840 to 1855 was the author of many theological works; was two years editor of the *Christian Review*, and the last five years was Secretary of the Connecticut Baptist State Convention.

## Our Book Table.

James R. Osgood & Co. make two substantial additions to their English and Foreign Philosophical Library. The first is a new edition, in two volumes, of *THE CREED OF CHRISTENDOM*, by William Rathbone Greg, Price \$5. The first edition was issued in 1863, and commanded considerable attention. In his work of review, both of the foundation and superstructure of Christianity, the author accepts and develops, among the earliest of English writers, the results of the destructive schools of Biblical criticism, which had arisen and rapidly followed each other in Germany. In the preface to his last edition, he refers to the growth of these opinions, and accords high honor to the works of Bisean and Colenso, finding in their later criticisms confirmation of positions he had taken years before. As Revelation is at the bottom of the Christian system, as accepted by orthodox Churches, Mr. Greg's chief work is to show that the sacred Scriptures were not inspired in any peculiar sense; that their contradictions of science, and among themselves, are evidences of this; and that the usual arguments founded upon miracles and prophecy will not bear careful examination. His criticism is equally severe and sweeping upon the Old and New Testaments. Having settled this question to his own satisfaction, and reached the conclusion that the Gospels are not authentic records of actual events, but that the synoptic Gospels are the hasty and prejudiced statements of ignorant, even if sincere, men, and that the Gospel of John is a philosophical treatise, in which the religion of Jesus, in the second century, is adapted to the prevailing philosophy of the day, Mr. Greg begins to construct a new system out of what is left. He believes the faith promulgated by Jesus, while not absolute truth, does contain "more truth, purer truth, higher truth, stronger truth, than ever yet had been given to man;" and under the head of Christian Eclecticism, he selects and sets forth such of the teachings of Jesus as he esteems worthy of universal acceptance, proffering us his wisdom rather than the light of inspiration as the guide of our faith. He ends with the "Great Enigma," which is an honest attempt to pierce into the world to come without the prophecy of Revelation. Mr. Greg differs from nearly all this school of critics in the sobriety and reverence of his style. He treats calmly and soberly, those matters which the great body of Christians deem sacred. He wears constantly the appearance of sincerity and honesty, and speaks like a man of profound convictions. While he has given the most liberal attention to the destructive side of German and French criticism, he gives no evidence of having selected with any carelessness the able responses made in Germany, France and England. Schleiermacher, Dörner, Tholuck, Ewald, Christlieb, etc., are not mentioned. His book is a fair representative of the strongest positions taken by the modern critics of Revelation, the deity of Christ, and the divine authentication of the Christian faith.

The second contribution to this finely published library of speculative philosophy is *Lessing's LIFE AND WRITINGS*. Two volumes, 8vo, price \$7. Gottfried Ephraim Lessing was born in 1729, and died in 1781. He was a pupil in the University of Leipzig, intended for the ministry, like his father, but drawn from it by a passion for the drama and general literature. He wrote profusely—songs, fables, theatrical criticism, dramas and tragedies. He finally became the chief librarian of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, at Wolfenbützel. His was the memorable saying, that if God should offer him pure truth in one hand, or an eternal desire for it in the other, he would humbly choose the latter; as pure truth was for God only. His religious faith is embodied in one of his most characteristic works—*Satanstoe Wise*—a discussion commencing charity and morality between a Christian, a Jew, and a Mahometan. It has been said of him that he held the same relation to German literature that Luther did to Protestantism. His works were the German literary renaissance. He was an early and great favorite of Carlyle, who wrote of him with great warmth. The present work is a full and very interesting biography of Lessing by James Sime, recounting all the incidents of his early life that have been preserved, his introduction into his life-work, the pathetic story of his marriage, and the origin, characteristics, and success of his various literary productions. The work is executed by one who had deeply appreciated the excellences of his subject, and he carries the reader along with him very pleasantly by the enthusiasm which he manifests in his theme.

Elijah Kellogg sends out, through Lee & Shepard's press, another of his very popular books—*FOREST GLORY*; or, *The Mohawk's Friendship*—an Indian story well told. Lee & Shepard have assumed the publication of Warrington's (*W. S. Robinson*) *Past Portraits*, and issue a new edition for the trade. We have already noticed this very vigorous and unique book from the pen of one of the rarest of newspaper critics, and now simply announce its present place of publication.

We have from S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, the *FIRST LESSONS IN LATIN*; Adapted to all the Latest Latin Grammars, and Prepared as an Introduction to Caesar's Commentaries, by Eliza Jones, A. M., Assistant Latin Professor in Michigan University. As far as we can judge, from a casual examination, the author has done his work well, and has given a good text-book for securing the thorough analysis of a preliminary Latin course.

Lee & Shepard publish a useful manual, entitled, *ELOCUTION SIMPLIFIED*, by Walter K. Fobes. It is prepared upon Lewis B. Monroe's System of Elocution by one of his best students, and is properly dedicated to the esteemed master. The work is well-arranged, fully illustrated, containing all that is requisite, with a good teacher, to use it.

Sheldon & Co. issue a new, enlarged and cheap edition of the *LIFE OF TRUST*, by George Muller, with the valuable introductory sketch by the late Dr. Wayland, and a concluding chapter giving an account of his visit to this country. We have already related the outlines of his marvellous story of simple trust in a special, divine Providence. All that have heard him, or have heard of him, will wish to read the complete record of his life. Here it is given in simple, authentic biographical record, endorsed by one of the most thoughtful and sober of Christian critics.

Roberts Brothers add to their juvenile library, *JOLLY GOOD TIMES AT SCHOOL*; also, *SOME THINGS NOT TO DO*, by F. Thorpe. Illustrated. 16mo, price \$1.25. For sale by Nichols & Hall—a particularly lively and amusing book. It will reveal certain mischievous, boyish devices, but its fun is clever and its lessons wholesome. A *GREAT EMERGENCY*, AND *OTHER STORIES*, by Juliana Horatia Ewing. 16mo, price \$1.25. This pleasant little volume is dedicated to the Lord Bishop of Fredericton and his wife. The great emergency was a fire, in which two heroic young people—a girl and boy—saved, at the peril of their lives, the baby. The whole story and its companions are well told. From the same house we have *AUNT JOE'S SCRAP BAG*, MY GIRLS, etc. 16mo, price \$1.00. Vol. IV. of the scrap-bag series is from the inimitable pen of Louisa M. Alcott; and nothing more need be said to the young readers about this entertaining volume.

Rev. George L. Chasney, who has well demonstrated in his fine book, entitled, *F. Grant & Co.*, his ability to write entertaining and profitable juveniles, sends out, through the press of Roberts Brothers, *TOM; A HOME STORY*—in which he teaches, in a touching tale, what it is for boys and men "to be brothers."

One of the latest Christmas gifts for a lad will be Charles Dudley Warner's handsome volume, admirably illustrated, which he appropriately names, *BINGO A BOY*. J. R. Osgood & Co. have authored him in as fine clothes as a boy need desire. Mr. Warner is humorous and sensible, and can write a boy's book so that the grown boys enjoy it about as well as the younger shavers. It is boy all over, in a great variety of positions; and has not a few excellent suggestions, given like bitter medicine, in a relieving coat of fun. The book will carry its own recommendation to those for whom it was written—boys and their parents.

Porter & Coates publish, in a fine duodecimo of 32 pages, a French temperance tract, by T. S. Arthur, entitled, *THE BAR ROOM OF BRANTLEY*; or, *The Great Hotel Speculation*. It is a graphic story, such as our author is very successful in writing, of the blasting effect of liquor selling and drinking upon the temporal, social and moral interests of a community, and the means, and blessed result, of a successful reformation. It is a good book for family reading; and occasion enough, we are sorry to say, still exists for the wide circulation of such literature. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

From the same house we have another of the excellent little manuals upon art—prepared for text-books or for family reading—two of which, upon household art, have already been issued. The present volume, a 16mo, is entitled, *MUSIC IN THE HOUSE*, by John Hullah, LL. D. It suggests the best home music, instrumental and vocal; the way to secure it; the necessary rehearsals; and the titles and description of a good musical library.

The lectures delivered upon the Lyman Beecher Foundation at Yale College, by Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, England, the present season, attracted wide attention, both on account of the high reputation of their author, and the excellent quality, and for their intrinsic excellence. They have now the favor of an active life, and a struggle with living social as well as religious questions, than the atmosphere of a quiet pastorate. They ring out the clearest call to a brave and manly exercise of all the abilities and possibilities of our modern ministry, and exhort the young prospective occupants of pulpits to the river of preparation for becoming a positive force for righteousness amid the stirring incidents of our active and critical age. The lectures were widely reported, and are now gathered into a neat volume by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, making a 12mo of 300 pages. It is for sale by Nichols & Hall, Boston, for \$1.50. The volume bears the title of *NINE LECTURES ON PREACHING*.

Our eloquent confederate of the *Methodist Recorder*, Rev. Alexander Clark, D. D., has gathered together and revised his long and pleasant letters for use for his editorial columns, during his late summer tour upon the opposite continent. The handsome volume is entitled, *SUMMER RAMBLES IN EUROPE*. It makes a duodecimo of 280 pp., and is published for the author by Nelson & Phillips. Mr. Clark ran over portions of Europe with his eyes open, and a pen as graphic as it was lively. It preserves the hasty tour with him to read the volume, although the expense is much lighter, and there is no weariness in the trip.

Robert Carter & Brothers publish an eminently wholesome religious volume, entitled, *LETTER EDEN*; or, *The Lamp of Birth and Heaven*. A Tale of the Last Days of King Henry the Eighth, by Emily Sarah Holt. True to the stirring and terrible incidents of the days portrayed, in this affecting story, the young women, especially, are warned not to attempt to start out in life, without first placing their hands for guidance into their Saviour's, and walking ever with Him.

S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, publish another volume from the pen of William Matthews, LL. D. This time it is a translation, excellently done, of a happy selection from the essays of the late very popular French critic and litterateur, Sainte-Beuve. The volume, a 12mo of 288 pp., price \$1.25, entitled, *THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW*. Eleven of the most characteristic reviews and essays of the great French writer, such as *Louis XIV*, *Fenelon*, *Bosquet*, *Mansillon*, *Pascal*, *Rousseau*, *Guizot*, etc., are given. The volume will be welcomed by those that cannot read after the author in his own idiomatic tongue, and affords a fair idea of his power and facility. For sale by Lee & Shepard.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Vocal—When Katie Meets Me at the Gate, song and chorus—words by S. N. Mitchell, music by H. P. Danks; Somebody Over the Sea, song, by T. G. B. Halley; Three Simple Words, ballad, by J. L. Molloy; I'll Tell You When, ballad, words by J. C. Burnett, music by C. A. Haver. Instrumental—Guitar Chords, by Theo. Moses; Pomponette, air a dancer, pour piano, par Auguste Durand; Sweet By and By, for the Piano, by A. E. Warren.

From F. W. Holmick, 50 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.: *One On Before*, the River of Time, song, adapted for piano or organ, by Prof. P. O. Hudson.



**ALONZO S. WEED,**  
Publishing Agent,



# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1877.

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The whole country has watched the struggle in the Senate for party ascendancy with something of the interest and excitement with which intelligence from the army was awaited during the late war. To many something not entirely unlike the same national interests have seemed to be at stake. The passing out of supreme power of the great party which had administered the government of the country now for almost a fifth of a century, and carried it triumphantly through a civil war, is certainly not an ordinary event. It is more than a change of administration; it is a change of governmental policy upon many vital points. It is not simply bringing back into supremacy Southern representatives, but it is the introduction of a new and far from encouraging line of Congressional action in relation to many interests affecting the prosperity and perpetuity of the Union. The question of the election of President Hayes may, or may not, be opened in some new form; but the question of the honest payment of the debts of the country, which is a much more serious matter, may be materially affected by the political change just now impending, but temporarily, at least, postponed. The question, of even more vital interest, of the prospective condition of the uneducated freedmen, is, perhaps, directly embraced in these late movements upon the political chess-board. Other matters, involving large outlays of money to compensate the losses which the South suffered during the war, loom up in the vision of anxious politicians; but these moral and humane questions are of infinitely greater importance. After all, there is a power behind the throne. It is not a human Warwick; it is a divine and irresistible power. God is in history, and He is also in current events. By His grace kings rule. He never abdicates His throne for any other administration. His will must be fulfilled. He has not brought us to such a height of prosperity, or carried us through such a discipline, to permit us to be shattered upon any of these possible rocks of offense.

No more significant political event, or ecclesiastical, has occurred in Italy, than the election of Father Curi from the Society of Jesus. He is a result of the most pronounced character, a writer of the first class, a very eloquent and popular preacher; but he is also a patriotic Italian. He has been anxious to reconcile the Papacy with the government. He has clearly apprehended the improbability of the recovery by the Pope of his temporal power; and he has convinced himself, and sought to convince the Pope and Curia of this "accomplished fact." At first the Pope seemed, at least, not to be disturbed by his propositions, but, under the influence of his counselors, he finally became greatly incensed against the brave and patriotic Italian, who had the impudence to ask the Curia to make a formal renunciation of temporal power, and to be reconciled to Victor Emmanuel. The Pope at once demanded of Father Beckx, the general of the Jesuits, that the bold priest should be disciplined. Although he had been over fifty years a member of the Society, he was commanded to retract, and pledge himself never to open the matter again, or tender his resignation. The intrepid old man sent in his resignation, and left Rome for Florence. It is understood that a large portion of the members of the Society of Jesus are in sympathy with Curi, as well as the great body of liberal Catholics in Italy. The brave old man is by no means discouraged. He enters more resolutely upon his work. The door of the Inquisition cannot now be so readily opened as in the days of his great predecessor, Savonarola, and in the free struggle between light and darkness there can be no doubt as to the result.

If you want to paralyze your Church, you will find the habit of looking on the dark side, of talking perpetually of the obstacles in their path, of the impossibility of doing what needs to be done, a short and easy method. That spirit of hopelessness will diffuse itself; the people will soon come to be like the priest. The Church will be at a standstill. The wheels of all your good enterprises will be in the mud, and drag as heavily as those of Pharaoh's chariots. The magnifying of imaginary difficulties will bring about you real ones. The people who might have done marvels, who had at their command all noble enterprises, will be reduced to inaction. The condition of human nature is such as to render the attempt to dampen and discourage much easier than to revive and inspire.

A discouraged Church is an awful fact. The greatness of the loss is not so forbidding as the demoralized condition of your team. Once in the mire and thoroughly fast, they lose pluck, and won't attempt to draw, even under more favorable conditions. Chronic discouragement is the worst of diseases, and defies all the remedies known to the physicians. Hades is only a stage beyond this comatose state.

One can but be impressed with the changes which have occurred in the management of public affairs within the last generation. In Congress measures are carried now not so much upon their merits, or by the force of overwhelming eloquence, as by a shrewd use of legislative devices. Formerly great national questions were submitted to the test of large debate among the great leaders in Congress. It was under such circumstances that Webster, Clay, Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, and their memorable associates, both won their reputations and gained their political victories. There are eloquent and elaborate speeches now delivered in both halls of Congress, but they do not fall with such weight upon the ears of their hearers, or upon the convictions of the nation. Now, great political ends are gained by sharp practices, by watching opportunities, by party drill, and by the powerful influence of an almost omnipresent press. Forensic power in Congress is coming to be regarded with almost as little appreciation as in the English Parliament. Still, there are, as well as here, kings of men; like Gladstone, will always form important national factors in deciding great moral and economical questions.

The tide of battle has been decidedly turned. In spite of small temporary successes, the Turkish armies have been severely pressed in both Asia and Bulgaria. The strong fortress of Kars is now a Russian citadel, and the taking of Erzeroum and the overrunning of Asia Minor is only a question of time. Plevna is besieged with two lines—120,000 men—of Russian soldiers, with every besieging appliance. Although winter is impending, it looks as if serious Turkish defeats might not be postponed even by the expected storms of the season. There are rumors of a call for peace, or, at least, that the Sultan is seeking for the intervention of friendly powers. Russia shows no desire for such an event, but seems determined to push her present successes to the utmost. Turkey does not gain upon the sympathy of Europe; while the dread of Russia, which has rather thrown England into looking with partial favor upon Turkey in the struggle, is evidently wearing away. It is generally felt that both nations will be so exhausted as not to think of entering voluntarily upon another offensive struggle in a generation.

In a Church the only permanently valuable influence is a spiritual one. God never designed that His Church should be run by merely materialistic or secular forces. Hence such forces are valuable only as they are associated with spiritual virtue and potency—only as the worldly is attracted to and affected by the divine, as the terrestrial agencies are gathered up and wielded by the hand of the Lord. Wealth is a curse to the cause of God, save that wealth be consecrated and used in accordance with the divine plans and purposes. Talent, even great talent, may be worse than useless; it may help to lead the Church from the true path, to strike up a false light which shall cause the people to miss the guidance of the pillar of cloud and of fire—the only safe indicator of the way into the land of promise. As the Church is a spiritual body, with spiritual aims, it is proper that it should find its chief supports in a spiritual equipment. The Church is not a mere piece of machinery, to be controlled by material laws and forces; there is a spirit in the wheels which constitutes the centre of ecclesiastical power, and all outward forms and organizations are to be brought into harmony with this inward life.

The Register of Dec. 1 has a capital parody upon the modern dogmatic Biblical criticism which rejects history and tradition, and decides, solely upon internal evidence and the inward consciousness of the critic, that the Gospel of John and the book of Revelation could not have been written by the same author. The witty and wise writer chooses two pieces of poetry, "attributed to one Cowper, who is said to have lived about a century ago in England;" to wit, one "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture," and the other "The Diverging History of John Gilpin." In a very amusing manner, following the exact style of modern, destructive, Biblical criticism, the writer shows the absolute impossibility that the two poems could be written by the same person, or either of them by the hypochochondriacal, Calvinistic author Cowper was reputed to have been. He shows that the language, figures used, sentiments expressed, style—indeed, everything about the two productions—give incontrovertible evidence that they could not come from the same mind; and, in the language of the critic of John's Gospel, one who could bring himself to believe the tradition that the same man, and such a man as

Cowper, did write the two, could be no more relied upon as to his judgment, than "one could be considered an authority in music who could not distinguish 'Old Hundred' from 'Yankee Doodle'."

After giving all possible sympathy and aid to every association for reform and charity; after assisting in every hopeful revival effort for an aggressive movement upon the ranks of unbelief and sin, we must fall back upon the established Church—Christ's ordained instrumentality, for the world's salvation. Each reform has its separate interest to urge, each association its peculiar work to do. The united revival services exhaust themselves or the immediate subjects of their influence; but the world still rolls on. The Church alone comprehends all. Her field is the world. She is the victorious mother of every holy enterprise. She rejoices in the success of each, and still lives when other organizations die and other forces have ceased to act. While the Church is vigorous and pure, the redemption of the world progresses. No temporary activity or sectional earnestness can be a compensation for the weakness of the Church. All true friends of Christ will stand by His Church, and every true Christian Church will give its aid and sympathy to every good cause really benefiting humanity.

Thanksgiving in the vicinity of Boston was a remarkably quiet festival. The storm was severe throughout the day. It was emphatically a home feast. Large provisions, however, seem to have been made for the homeless; and hundreds of humble boards were gladdened by the generous gifts of the more highly favored. On this day even a beam of light entered the close walls of prisons, while reformatories, orphanages and city missions spread bountiful tables through the generosity of patrons and friends. The sermons in this vicinity were largely of a purely religious character. The politics of the day were in too mixed and undecided a condition for intelligent interpretation and discussion. But thanksgiving to God is always in order, and always wholesome.

### HAS THE GOSPEL LOST ITS POWER?

It is painful to read every week of the open violations of the law of God and of the land by persons who have not only professed to be disciples of Jesus Christ, but have filled conspicuous places in the Church. Ministers and high officers in its ranks—the leaders, the examples and the instructors of others—have fallen into the lowest temptations, or have perpetrated the most high-handed crimes against property.

This cannot be laid to the charge of the Christian religion; for no civil law is as searching in its requisitions as the divine law expounded by the Great Teacher. For this not only requires obedience to the letter of the commandments, but makes even the breach of it in the spirit an occasion of condemnation. He that looketh upon a woman to lust for her committeth adultery, as Jesus interprets the Beatitude, and he that is angry with his brother without adequate cause, or with an unforgiving spirit, commits murder in his heart.

Nothing can be more unfounded or malicious than the charge which has been made by the enemies of evangelical piety from the times of the apostles down to our own days, that the grace of the Gospel tends to license; that men have a sense of impunity in sin, because provision is made for their pardon. "What shall we say then?" asks St. Paul, after setting forth the wonderful provision for pardon found in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" This thought he repels not only with the utmost indignation, but he shows the utter impossibility that one who really receives the grace of the Gospel could cherish such an intention. "God forbid!" he says; "how shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" The very grace of the Gospel purifies. Among no people have the fundamental virtues of chastity, honesty, humanity, and the fear of God been more conspicuous than among those who have humbly trusted, for the forgiveness of sin, in the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. No better, sweeter and purer domestic fidelity can be found, than among simple-hearted disciples of a crucified Saviour. No home-affections—paternal and maternal—have grasped more powerfully the childhood committed to them, and held them, even in absence, amid terrible temptations. John Randolph, in France, could not forget the beautiful piety and loving prayers of his believing mother. There are no facts that have been gathered from communities where liberal and evangelical views have been held and taught in adjoining Churches, where, in the instance of the former, the high ideals of manhood have been set forth, that would show that such ennobling lessons have tended to more manly, noble, honest or purer lives, than where the Scripture views of sin and an atonement have been clearly set forth. Remembering the limited number of liberal Churches, so-called, as compared with the evangelical, our humanitarian brethren have nothing to boast of as to an immunity, in these testing days, from startling acts of fraud, unrighteousness and intemperance. We can hardly read, without feeling the indignation of the Apostle, the Pharisaic intimation, in certain quarters, that this modern laxity in manners and conduct is due to the promulgation of a plan of pardon of sin, and of salvation from the death and sufferings of another. We do not deny that those who have been and are Christian believers have fallen foully and even

fatally; but not as a result of the Gospel—simply because they have fallen away from it; they have driven aside the Holy Spirit in the hour of dreadful temptation; they have done despite to the good word of God; they have crucified to themselves afresh the Son of God and put Him to an open shame. Who ever heard one of these sad apostates, even in his lowest estate, suggest that the freeness of the divine mercy was the occasion of his license of conduct? The Roman Catholic may trust in the indulgence of his priest, bought by the works of supererogation of devout saints, but no orthodox Protestant can hold such a sentiment. There have been, from time to time, schools of teachers in the Church, and there are now, but their influence is limited, who so interpret the doctrines of grace as to account personal sin of little importance where the believer formally accepts Christ; but this is the doctrine of the Nicolaitans, which Christ and all true believers hate. Even those who hold, in doctrine, this strange belief, repudiate heartily the license which is affirmed to be the result of their teaching. No evangelical minister offers a moment's impunity to sin, or encourages the slightest hope of pardon or peace where a life of sin is voluntarily followed unto the end. We are not ashamed of the Gospel we preach, for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth. If the professed subject of it is not saved from a sinful life; if he is not enabled to keep the Commandments; to do business upon honest principles; to show a forgiving and sweet temper; it is simply because the Gospel has not yet wrought its divine power upon him: he is still in his sins and needs a Saviour and salvation. Men are saved—saved from unrighteousness in temper and life—and enabled, although terribly tempted, to overcome, and to demonstrate their faith in a supernatural God by a supernatural life.

But what is the matter? Why are these deacons, and class-leaders, and Sunday-school superintendents, and ministers, seen committing these terrible crimes, and falling into these shocking vices of appetite? It has been, during and since the war, a period of peculiar moral trial. All business has taken on a speculative and unwholesome character. Fortunes have been made and lost in a day. There has been a general advance in the style of living. A breath of worldliness has swept over the Church. The prince of the power of the air has enjoyed an unwelcome ascendancy. The pulpit, the high places of the Church, and the average membership have been alike submitted to this severe test. Every thoughtful man must be struck with the change in the atmosphere of our Churches and places of social worship during the last twenty years. The periods of revival have not swept down very deeply into the membership of the Church. It has been hard work to attempt to rally the old earnestness and constancy. It has been a period of gradual, but actual and general, declension and backsliding; and what has been needed has been not a revival simply, but a broad, deep, and thorough reformation—a breaking up of the power of worldliness, and a breathing throughout all the offices, modes, and ordinances of the Church, of the Holy Spirit.

There has been a great lapse of home restraint and discipline. The Sunday-school religious instruction has taken largely the place of parental and even pulpit, for childhood. Children have been much too early introduced to the solicitations and temptations of life. Childhood has been almost entirely overlapped. We have nothing between infancy and manhood and womanhood now. Social pleasures of an exciting character quite early preoccupy the interest of our young people, to the exclusion of more important matters. The old-fashioned and wholesome customs of keeping young people much at home, watching carefully over their companions, interdicting improper reading, defending them from vicious pleasures and gratifications, inculcating constantly, and by strenuous discipline, reverence, obedience, truthfulness, honesty, a respect for the Sabbath and attendance upon church, have, to a marked degree, gone out of date. There is, doubtless, as much family government as ever, but it has become remarkably democratic, and rests with the majority in the hands of the children. The natural fruits of this are everywhere seen. The old heroic discipline might have been too stringent; but it made stalwart, honest and God-fearing men, and diligent, economical, sweet-tempered and devout women.

The preaching of our day is able and earnest; it is powerful in defense, rich in thought, and adorned with all the graces of persuasive address. As a whole, it is Scriptural and in harmony with the accepted faith of the ages. Perhaps the ethics of religion—the home virtues of honesty and purity—are not so often and as distinctly set forth as they should be. But it seems to us that the great fundamental error lies not in setting forth as vividly and solemnly as the Bible justifies, the character and exceeding sinfulness of sin; its certain moral poison, its constant deterioration of character, its inevitable fatal effect ultimately upon the sinner, and its absolutely certain nemesis here and hereafter. Without any serious change in the radical faith of the Church, or even in its received eschatology, there has been a great softening in reference to the divine threatenings recorded against sin. The absence of materialistic and scenic views of the life to come is not to be regretted;

but the neglect to utter just what the Bible declares—what fell from the lips of the world's Saviour—is a serious error. The result is, in our religious movements and life there is a lack of strong convictions. Sin has come to be regarded as a misfortune, a weakness, an inevitable calamity, which God punishes, and man should not be held to too strict account about. Our revivals would be more powerful and permanent if penitents had but a faint apprehension of the true nature of sin. They would not be so ready to trifle with it again; and the line of distinction between worldliness and holiness would be more sharply drawn. He who is alive to sin is dead to Christ. He who is really alive in Christ is dead unto sin. He who has truly felt the exceeding sinfulness of sin, will have no doubt as to the reality and sweetness of the peace that follows believing, or of the power over sin that Christ gives to every one that heartily receives Him.

### FRANCE IN A VICIOUS CIRCLE.

Poor France seems to be caught in a vicious circle, in which it can make no progress without a revolution, which is one of the worst of political conditions. MacMahon's coup d'état of the 16th of May did not succeed. In his appeal to the people they condemned him by rejecting a majority of his official candidates, and returning a goodly majority of Republicans. Now, the logical consequence of this situation, in the minds of all honorable men, would be a real change of ministry; but this the country cannot get, and therefore the present crisis. At first MacMahon was determined to disregard Gambetta's famous advice, for which he was condemned to fine and imprisonment, namely, "submit or resign." But such conduct would be so great an outrage on all common sense as to be dangerous, and would, in reality, be a semi-coup d'état in favor of personal government, that might in the end throw France into convulsions. The result, therefore, is that MacMahon, driven to the wall, consents to change his ministry, but only in person, not in sentiment; and thus the quarrel moves in a vicious circle, from which there seems no retreat but by violence.

The good sense of the public clearly understood that it was absurd that the same men who have governed the country during the five months of recess, and during that time have done all in their power to thwart the Republic, could now sincerely work with it. Therefore the new Chamber demanded men with whom it could co-operate; else it would prefer to stand still. MacMahon, after trying all sorts of compromise schemes to retain power, in reality, at last, announces a new ministry, which has set the republican majority in a wild laugh of scorn—not even a single conservative Republican in the crowd. In the first place, they are, almost without exception, comparative nobodies, and about all the information given in regard to them is that one is an enthusiastic Legationist, another a Bonapartist, the third an Orleansist, and all are furious Catholic Ultramontanes; that is, the entire new ministry is just as violently opposed to the majority in the House of Deputies as was the old force, the only difference being that they are small and unknown men throughout.

Now, what right has MacMahon to keep the nation whirling round in this seething and destructive whirlpool? The new House has not seemed inclined to abuse its power, nor to make reprisals. If MacMahon desires to be an irresponsible head, they say let him be so, but let us have some responsibility somewhere, or it is impossible for us to govern the nation. MacMahon, it is said, was willing to appoint some of the Republicans in his cabinet if they would relinquish the right of vote in appointment of subordinates; but no republican ministry would accept the power to be bought but an automaton, without the privilege of personal choice. No one wishes to try again the experiment of Jules Simon, who was treated as an inferior while he stayed, and was at last dismissed without the least courtesy.

The journals of the monarchic coalition veil their faces and make a great outcry at the demands of the Republicans, that Bonapartists, Orleansists, and Legitimists must withdraw from the places of power, and claim that all the Republicans desire are places. But how can a republican Chamber rule the country with not a Republican in any situation under appointment of the ministry? If the Republicans are desirous of place, it may be said that their adversaries are rapacious. Now, this turning in a circle is a fatiguing and irritating business, and the country which hoped for rest after the election, is still whirling in the same seething pot.

The only outlet to this vortex is the senate, which now, by the defection of one of the factions, seems inclined to break with the president.

The Orleansists have always been nearer to the people than any other monarchic wing, and they have just declared that they cannot sustain the president in another dissolution of the Chambers when its members are so fresh from the bosom of the people; and this defection, of course, cripples the president's arm. But the trouble about this movement is the fact that it is motion in a vicious circle. It is clearly an endeavor on the part of the Orleansists to conciliate the Republicans, and put them under such obligations that in 1880 they will be obliged to take the Duke d'Annam, son of Louis Philippe, as their candidate for the presidency; and with the son of a king in the chair, how soon it would be con-

verted into a throne by the action of this controlling circle! And then, also, at the back of all this is one ruling thread running through all the monarchic efforts, which is that of Ultramontanism. Rome builds her hopes on France, and in this sense gives her influence to any shade of monarchy likely to be successful, because they all favor the Church in return for its support.

### LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

BISHOP JAMES' MEMORIAL SERVICE. Last Sabbath was a great day for old John Street M. E. Church. While the interest centered there, the occasion—the unveiling of a marble tablet in memory of our late Bishop James—was of importance to all Methodists. The readers of ZION'S HERALD may be pleased, therefore, to have a brief account of what transpired there, at this oldest Methodist church in America.

It was a connectional Methodist event, and was attended, very appropriately, by representatives of the various Church interests and by preachers and laymen from different parts of the country. Nearly all the Bishops were present, and our publishing houses, in New York and Cincinnati, and the Missionary, Sunday-school and Tract societies were represented by Doctors Nelson, Hitecock, Dabell, and Freeman; and the editorial corps by Dr. Curry of the National, and Dr. Fowler and Dr. Puy of the N. Y. Christian Advocate. These and other noted preachers and laymen occupied seats on the platform and in the choir.

A beautiful floral tribute stood on the table in front of the desk. This was in the form of a tombstone, composed of flowers of various colors interwoven for the border, the centre being of pure white flowers, on which in purple immortelles was the inscription, "For Labor to Reward." This tribute was the offering of Mr. John Bentley, one of the trustees of John Street Church.

The services began at half past two o'clock with singing by the choir. Drs. Tiffany and Woodruff read the hymns, Bishop Peck offered prayer, and Dr. Clark read the Scripture lessons. After these preliminary exercises, Bishop Scott, who presided, made a few appropriate remarks, and unveiled the tablet. He spoke of the pleasing task of unveiling the tablet being assigned to him, and of the appropriateness of choosing a white wall instead of a black one, to cover the tablet, since this was not a funeral occasion. It should remind us not so much of our loss as of the unchangeable home of his soul, his white robe, his crown of glory, and his abode on the brighter shore.

At this point he removed the veil and exposed to the view of the audience the tablet. It is of pure white marble, slightly polished at the top. The inscription is on a raised panel, fastened by brackets to a larger black marble slab, which serves as a background, and, by contrast, adds to the beauty of the whole. It is placed in the rear of the pulpit, high enough on the wall to be seen by the congregation.

Bishop Bowman read the inscription, which is as follows:—

IN MEMORY OF  
EDMUND STORER JAMES, D.D., LL.D.  
BORN APRIL 27, 1807.  
ORDAINED BISHOP JUNE 10, 1844.  
DIED SEPTEMBER 15, 1876.

First Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church resident in the city of New York, and at his death Senior Bishop of the Church.

A Devout Christian, a True Friend, an Ardent Patriot, an Able Preacher, a Wise Counselor, an Efficient Presiding Officer, a Faithful Bishop, a Public Benefactor, Beloved and Honored at Home and Abroad, his Memory is Cherished in all Christian Lands.

"I am not disappointed." After Bishop Bowman concluded, Bishop Scott resumed his address. He said that the pure white marble was suggestive of the bright world to which his colleague had gone, and, could he speak to us now, he doubtless would repeat his last words: "I am not disappointed." He spoke of the work of this tablet to be placed in this Methodist church, the first one built in this country, and, like no other Church, under the special patronage of the General Conference.

Bishop Ames was the next speaker. He said that notwithstanding the somewhat mournful occasion, he could take part in the memorial service with cheerfulness, since God embalm in immortality the pious and the good. He has decreed that the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance. The pyramids of Egypt and the mounds of America are proofs of the desire to perpetuate the memory of the dead. Death should not wholly separate the dead from us. The bonds existing on earth cannot be severed by death. Monuments, graves, tablets, are so many voices from the departed which speak to the thoughtless and the reflective. Death invests man with immutability, and the good does survive to bless those who follow. Napoleon rose to the throne of France; nations yielded to his command. He died, and his nephew wrote his deeds in a book, but the public cared not for it; it fell from the press still-born and did not pay the cost of the printer. Few know the name of Napoleon, but the shepherds of Salisbury Plain and his simple animals are cherished by the multitude. The names of the rich men who went down in their yachts here in New York Bay, I do not even know, but who will forget the valiant Custer?

Bishop James had been put into a position where he was conspicuous. He possessed qualities to be revered. One of the least common, among Americans, was his unity of life. Most men who have risen to unusual distinction possess this quality in a high degree. It was this that gave to Paul such wonderful power. One of the first appointments to which Bishop James was sent, was small and of little importance, but he began to hold meetings in all the surrounding school-houses, and soon his church was too small for his congregation. He had one object in view, and for this he spent all his energies. Another attribute was his diligence. Though the speaker would not say that he had the highest talent, yet he thought he possessed excellent judgment and kept strictly to his work, and was always usefully employed. He was the hardest working Bishop that our Church has had. Asbury is considered the hard-working Bishop, but he spent five-sixths of his time in reaching the place of his work. Physical labor of traveling is comparatively easy. But Bishop James, by our modern facilities of travel, flew, as it were, from point to point, and was incessant in labors in city and country.

His great common-sense was another attribute. He did not refuse flowers to adorn his speech, but he did not go out of his way to pluck them, simply to please his hearers. His style was natural and free from bombast and expressions. He used plain, honest speech and simple Anglo-Saxon words, and tried to put into the minds of others his own hard-earned and fully-established convictions.

He was neither radical nor unduly conservative, but always abreast with the times. He never rode on public opinion or sought popular applause, at the expense of truth. He loved his Church and her doctrines, but was not a slave to them. He watched for opportunity and used it. The words of the tablet express the characteristics of his life, and the last sentence his thought at death.

Bishop Simpson, who was chosen to make the address on this occasion, was not present at the opening of the exercises, but arrived while Bishop Ames was speaking. When the latter had finished, Bishop Simpson spoke, giving, at first, a brief historical account of Methodism. One hundred years ago, he said, there were but few Methodists here; now in the assembly before him, he saw representatives from the Churches in New York and Brooklyn that had sprung from old John Street Church. In a ringing, not many rods distant, the first Methodist meeting was held—only four persons assembling for religious worship. The first house of worship, built on this spot, was constructed with a fire-place in one corner of it, after the manner of a dwelling-house, since none but of the established religion could erect churches. Thus, with small beginnings and with opposition, Methodism commenced; and it was yet small when Bishop James, then a young man, gave himself to this Church. After giving these historical points, he referred to the characteristics of Bishop James which had already been mentioned, and said that besides those there were two others worthy of notice. One of them was his "immense strength of will." He had known few men who would compare with him in this respect. He allowed nothing to stand in his way, if he could surmount it. The other quality was his spirit of self-sacrifice. The speaker said he had been associated with him a great deal, had learned his habits of thought, of devotion, of labor. He had known him to spend the entire night adjusting the work of a Conference, to accommodate and suit a single society or a single preacher. His great desire was the saving of souls and the success of Methodism, as he believed it God's chosen means for evangelizing the world. His faith, his confidence, his energy, his devotion to the Church, and his careful improvement of time, are worthy of imitation.

Dr. Fowler was the next speaker. He said that Bishop James began with a weak body and great physical disability, a chronic sore throat and a thin, disagreeable voice; yet with constant care and husbanding of his forces, and a judicious use of his time and energies, he had come out better than he began. He believed the Bishop had a wondrous and holy ambition to be and to do all that he believed divinely required. He compared Bishop James with Wesley and Asbury. All three, he said, were physically underbred, and were alike in thought and doctrine. Wesley fought English infidelity and the clergy; Asbury, the American wilderness and the clergy; and James, slavery and fanaticism. In their domestic relations there was a wide contrast. Wesley had the worst possible of all things—a bad wife; Asbury had the next worst thing—no wife at all; while Bishop James had the best of wives. Thus they were in many respects alike, and under somewhat similar circumstances, lived in all godly sincerity and labored unflinchingly for the advancement of Christianity.

At the close of Dr. Fowler's address, Bishop James rose and made a benediction, and thus ended a delightful and long-remembered service.

Clifton, N. Y., Nov. 21.

### Editorial Items.

Senator Hoar presented, on the 20th of November, a very important bill in the Senate, which by unanimous consent received its two readings and was referred to the committee on education and labor. Under the provisions of this bill, all the proceeds of the sale of public lands, and all the sums hereafter repaid by railroads, either as principal or interest, are to be set apart for the education of the people. The annual receipts are, every year, to be divided among the States and territories, according to population, between the ages of four and twenty-one, except that for the first ten years the distribution is to be according to the ratio of the illiteracy of their respective populations, as shown by the last published census. The law seems to be wisely and carefully guarded, and is one that, we trust, will meet with favorable acceptance from Congress. It will secure both a careful disposition of the remaining portion of the public lands, and insure an invaluable fund for the public training, especially in the States that are just now greatly in need of it.

The Leonard Scott Publishing Company is the resulting business firm of an enterprise commenced in 1834 for the fac-simile reprint of certain leading British quarterly, and the venerable Blackwood magazine. The quarterlies themselves, changed by union with others, and the members of the American firm changed in names until, in 1866, the present publishing house was formed. The present company not only give an exact reproduction of the leading reviews which form their list, but honorably admit the foreign publishers to a share in the profits of the reprint. These great reviews are the Edinburgh, which represents the Whig sentiment in British politics; the Westminster, liberal in politics, speculative in philosophy, and radical generally; the London Quarterly, which is always moderate, conservative and able; the British Quarterly, orthodox, wholesome, staunch for revealed religion in its harmony with true science. Of Blackwood we need not speak. Every student of literature is familiar with its remarkable record, including as its writers the chief prose and poetic British authors of the present century. Through the generous enterprise of the proprietors, as set forth in their advertisement in another column, American readers can secure the reviews cheaper than they are published in England. Each review alone can be had for \$4; the whole four for \$12; and Blackwood included for \$15. The last numbers for the year are just now distributed. The British Quarterly for October has a ring let, opening with a fine paper upon King René of Anjou, followed by the Sects of the Commonwealth, by John Milton, George Buchanan, Thomas De Quincey, the Greek Revolution, the Social Question in Sicily, etc. The Westminster has a very able paper upon Hindu Society and English Rule, Torpedo Warfare, Renaissance in Italy, the Supernatural Element in Shakespeare, Sir John Bowring, Pre-Christian Hospitals, Russian Literature, Cross-Fertilization of Plants, and Contemporary Literature.

Here is an excellent example to follow. The publisher of the HERALD, who is also treasurer of the N. E. Education Society, received the following letter without name:—

"West Bridge Street, Nov. 22, 1877. I send \$10, to help the New England Education Society. May God bless the money and the people that use it, that His will be done. A member of the M. E. Church."

We trust others will be filled to do likewise; and may God, also, bless the donor!







## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.

Sunday, December 16.  
Lesson XI. Acts xxviii, 16-31.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

PAUL AT ROME.

An Alexandrian ship conveyed the apostle and his company from Melita to Syracuse; from thence to Rhegium, and finally to Puteoli. Dr. Macdonald, who visited the spots in and about the Imperial City made sacred by the footsteps of St. Paul, gives a graphic description of the entrance of the apostle into the gates of Rome. "We could vividly imagine," he says, "the apostle, accompanied by the band of Roman brethren (some who met him at Appii Forum, and others, probably older and less able for the journey, who had joined them at the Three Taverns) now approaching the end of their long route of fifty-one miles. Of all the entrances to ancient, as to modern, Rome, this was incomparably the grandest—the Appian Way. It formed the great line of communication, not only with southern Italy, but with the most remote oriental possessions of the Caesars, starting from the Golden Milestone in the Roman Forum and terminating at Brundisium. There must have stretched before the apostle's eye one long magnificent street, lined with monuments to illustrious dead; a vast colonnade of tombs, with no vault but the blue sky, forming, if we may venture on the comparison, the Westminster Abbey of the Imperial City. As the great apostle passed along that sepulchral road, could he fail to read on these monuments many inscriptions of aching hearts—the mute agony of unrelieved grief, left to tell its tale of hopelessness and despair on the dumb stone or marble? All the boasted mythology of Rome was helpless to answer the question—'Shall the dead praise thee?' That silent necropolis—the dormitory of the infant Church—would yet utter through the rusted epitaphs its eloquent response, 'Ye sorrow not as others who have no hope.' 'To die is gain.' 'Them also that sleep in Jesus will come with Him.' Thus, then, St. Paul is at the gates of Rome. And in saying so, the long dream of his life is at last fulfilled—'I must also see Rome.' 'Having a great desire these many years to come unto you.' Dare we fathom the thoughts which must have been burning within the bosom of this moral hero as he gazed, amid the triumphs of art and power, on visible evidences of Pagan ignorance and heathen depravity on every side? Would not his inmost resolve, though not expressed in words, be this: 'I can do all things through Christ strengthening me?' And among these 'all things,' in God's great name, this impregnable citadel must be stormed and fall! Its ramparts, at whatever cost, must be carried, and its magazines be redeemed for the service of 'the Prince of the kings of the earth.' Entering the forum, the ambassador in bonds is merged with his little company in that sea of multitudinous life."

*There came many to him in his lodging.* On the day appointed, a large assemblage of Jews gathered at "his own hired house."

The church of "Santa Maria, Via Lata," in the Corso, adjoining the Doria Palace, is the reputed house of St. Paul.

*Persuading them concerning Jesus.* Paul made no compromise with the truth. He fearlessly preached to these truckling Jews, as he always preached, persuasively, but decidedly, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Again he brought forward the Law and the Prophets to testify of the person and work of the Messiah.

*Some believed . . . some believed not.* No great results were accomplished. A few were convinced of the truth, others followed the course of the masses of Jews who rejected the Gospel. The audience divided.

*They departed, after that Paul had spoken one word.* The apostle saw that many of his auditors were unconvinced. He then bore witness to them a final passage from Isaiah, which has a stinging application to just such hearers as these. They saw, they heard the truth; with intellectual perceptions they understood, but their hearts were unmoved. The springs of life are in the heart. Unless the emotive nature is touched by religious and moral truth, character is not much affected.

*The salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles.* Paul was never discouraged because of the hardness of the Jewish heart. He saw beyond the barren field of Judaism, with its sterile bigotry, fields whitening all through the Gentile nations. His commission authorized him to turn from the Jews. His great victories had been in Gentile cities. Rome now was before him. Its imperial grandeur made him covet Rome as a centre for Christianity. He had put the leaven into Grecian civilization; he now wanted to help mould the Latin race into a religious character. He therefore bids farewell, to the Jews with something of a rebuke which their own Isaiah had written against them.

*They will hear it.* The Gentiles had been for ages promised to Christ as His inheritance, and Paul sees by faith the fulfillment of those Messianic prophecies.

*The Jews departed and had great reasoning among themselves.* This verse is not accepted as genuine by some of the best critics; it simply repeats what has been said in verse 25.

*Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, etc.* For two years he was the centre of Christian effort in Rome. In his own hired house "he gathered around him the nucleus of the Christian Church in the world's great capital."

Here Aristarchus and Epaphras, his fellow-prisoners, may have gladdened him with their presence; here Epaphroditus may have come to him with gifts from the Philippians; here Luke may have written under his supervision the Acts of the Apostles; here Onesiphorus may have come off to refresh him; and Onesiphorus bequeathed for his city mission work; and Timothy to receive parental counsel and yield in return filial love; here one of the soldiers, to whom by turns he was chained night and day, may have gone back to his barracks when his hour of duty expired, carrying the tale of this wondrous, self-sacrificing, noble-hearted criminal, recounting the words he there heard uttered and hymns he there heard sung—words and hymns telling of One who seemed to combine the might and majesty of their own Olympian Jove with

the tenderness of more than a human friend; here, as in the case of his great Master, the common people heard him gladly" (Macdonald).

*For this cause . . . because that for the hope of Israel I am bound, etc.* I appeal to you, my friends, he says, because I am still loyal to my nation at heart. I am working for the deepest interests of Israel, for Him who is Israel's hope. This service has brought me bonds; and I want to see you and talk with you about this matter which has made me a prisoner.

*We neither received letters, etc.* Their minds were unprejudiced, no tidings having come from Jerusalem, from the Jews who were hostile to Paul. They in Rome knew nothing of Paul that would make them hostile.

*We desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest.* They are evidently a little anxious to know how warmly Paul adhered to the Christian faith. They had so far treated him kindly and appeared to have no Jewish bitterness against him as a Christian. But they desired to probe him, to find out whether he was a fanatic, or whether he would be likely to bring down upon the Jews imperial wrath.

*As concerning this sect . . . everywhere it is spoken against.* They had some confidence in Paul, and wanted to know from him more of the Christians, a sect which was everywhere among the Romans despised.

*They saw that Paul was regarded with evident favor by the Roman officers.* They had heard from him that the procurator would have required him, but the obstinate Jews had compelled him to appeal to Caesar. They suppress their own view in regard to the Christian faith, as something they do not consider it necessary and expedient to avow, and out of fear of the Roman magistrates, would draw as little attention as possible to their hostile position toward the Christians (Hackett).

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**ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.**  
From the Notes.

**Lesson Series, December 16.**  
1. Describe briefly the journey of Paul from Melita to Rome.  
2. How was Paul disposed of by the centurion, in Rome?  
3. Why did the apostle call together the principal Jews?

4. What was accomplished at the second meeting which Paul called at his house?  
5. What occupied him during his two years' stay?

**LESSONS FOR YOUNGER CLASSES.**

BY HELEN CHASE STEELE.

**THE STORY OF PAUL AT ROME.**

Paul and his companions sailed away over the blue sea until they reached a town on the western shore of Italy. There they spent a week, and then started on foot for Rome. Paul's heart was made glad by meeting some of the Jews of Rome who had walked a long distance to meet him.

The other prisoners were put in prison, but Paul was allowed to live in his own hired house with a Roman soldier to guard him.

After resting three days, he called the chief Jews together, and told them that he had not come to Rome because he had committed any crime, but because he was a Christian, and was to be tried before the emperor.

They had heard a great deal said against the Christians, and they wanted to hear what Paul had to say. So they set a day, and came to his house, where he preached to them from morning till evening. Some of them believed what he said, and some did not; but they set them thinking, and they talked it over among themselves.

Two years Paul stayed in Rome, helping all the people who came to his house, and telling them about Jesus.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

"I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also; for I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Rom. i, 16, 16.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Who came to meet Paul?  
Ans. Some of the Jews who lived in Rome.

2. How did this make Paul feel?  
Ans. He thanked God and took courage.

3. What was done with the other prisoners?  
Ans. They were delivered to the captain of the guard, and put in prison.

4. What was done with Paul?  
Ans. He was allowed to live in his own hired house, with a Roman soldier to guard him.

5. After three days, what did he do?  
Ans. He called the chief of the Jews together.

6. What did he tell them?  
Ans. That he had come to Rome to be tried before the emperor because he was a Christian.

7. Had they heard anything said against Paul?  
Ans. They had not.

8. Of whom had they heard evil?  
Ans. Of Christ and His followers.

9. How long did Paul teach and preach to them?  
Ans. From morning till evening.

10. Did the Jews believe him?  
Ans. Some believed—and some believed not.

11. How long did Paul stay in Rome?  
Ans. Two years.

12. What did he do during that time?  
Ans. He helped all who came to him, and told them about Jesus.

13. What did he say about the Gospel?  
Ans. I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

14. What did Jesus himself say of any one who is ashamed to talk about Him?  
Ans. "Of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."

**WEEK-DAY THOUGHT.**

Never be ashamed to talk about Jesus.

Children, if you had a kind friend who sent you every year a beautiful present, would you not tell your playmates about him, and would they not wish to have just such a friend? I can almost see your smiling faces. I am sure your answer is, "Yes!"

Children, you have a Friend who sends you beautiful gifts every day—sunshine, birds, flowers, kind parents, pleasant homes. Do you tell your playmates about Him, and make them wish that they, too, knew such a friend? The smiles have gone from your lips now. I am afraid your answer is, "No!"

Your Friend is a king, little children, richer and more powerful than all the kings of the earth. He lives in a country more beautiful than any of which you have ever heard or dreamed. Many years ago He came down to this earth and lived here awhile, so that He might know how to be glad when you are happy, and sorry when you are sad and tempted to do wrong. He loved you so much that He died for you. He loves you now, and is fitting up a beautiful home for you in heaven, where you will go if you are good.

Children, are you not sorry that you have not thought often of Jesus, and talked more about Him? Remember, if you are ashamed of Him now, by and by He will be ashamed to give you a home with God and the angels.

It is in vain to think we can take any delight in being with Christ hereafter, if we care not how little we are in His company here.

## The Family.

BEYOND.

BY B. F. LEOGETT.

Where stays the year which waits to bring  
Our long and last repose,  
Whose golden gates shall open swing  
For us, but never close?

What fair, sweet month of all the year  
Shall pillow on her breast  
Our weariness, and drop her tear  
Above our dreamless rest?

When will the day so far and wide  
In dawn's fair beauty bloom,  
Whose flowers will stand for us aside  
And yield a little room?

Just where the final mile-stone stands,  
Or where the meadows end,  
Whose fringes touch the unknown lands,  
And with the twilight blend,—

Our blindness cannot see or know  
Amid the dim earth-shine,  
Though heaven's immortal lilies blow  
But just across the line.

And some time on the border-land,  
Beyond the last, long mile,  
Our own shall clasp the vanished hand,  
And greet the olden smile.

East Greenwich, R. I.

## MY SISTER NORA.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

"For love is life, and death at last  
Crowns it eternal and divine."

Just twenty years ago this very morning, when the air was as clear and balmy, the flowers as bright and fragrant, and the earth as replete with God's bountiful benefactions as now, I stood under the spreading branches of a towering elm tree, in meditative idleness, with my soul swayed by many invisible currents of feeling. I was ardent and imaginative, and my humble country home and prosaic, uneventful life were in full discord with my lofty aspirations, and I was restless and unhappy.

"Margaret, come in," called a firm, pleasant voice; "you have stood a good while doing nothing. Take your sewing now. You must learn this handkerchief before dinner."

I entered the sitting-room, and sat down in an easy-chair by the window, and began nibbling my needle. My sister Nora sat near me, in a low chair almost at mother's feet. She had a sweet, loving, trusting face, and as she glanced towards me, seemed to divine my self-contenting emotions.

"Maggie," she whispered, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, darling, only I hate this humdrum life. I want to see something of the world and people. I wish something would happen just as there does in story-books, to turn my life about, and bring me money and nice things and happiness."

"Perhaps something will happen, Maggie—something to affect your whole life. We don't know what God has planned for us."

"Dear me, Nora, don't preach me a sermon," I replied petulantly; "if you can't say something to cheer me, please don't talk. I hate serious, solemn people."

There was a long silence. Nora had been taking elementary lessons in knitting, and was striving hard to perfect herself in her work. Her mind, too, seemed to be actively employed, and she inquired earnestly,—

"Mother, what does the word *will* mean? I know pretty nearly, but don't quite understand it."

"Tell me, dear, your idea of its meaning," answered mother, smiling.

"I supposed it meant determination, stubbornness, for I hear much about people who have a strong will, and they say, 'Children's wills must be curbed or broken'; and yesterday I was puzzled when grandmother told Mr. Hartwell she had her will made five years ago, and always kept it locked in her upper bureau drawer, and had altered it twice because of two deaths in the family."

Mother smiled.

"There are two kinds of will, Nora," she said quietly; "one is a moral power within us, which enables us to choose our line of action. It is determination and strength of purpose. But grandmother's will is altogether different; it is an instrument in writing, by which she makes known her intentions as to the disposal of her property after death, and it can be altered or rewritten as changes occur."

"Can any one make a will? If I should write one, and give away my money, clothes, and books, would the people have them to whom I gave them?" inquired Nora thoughtfully.

"Yes. It would not be a legal will, but it would signify your wishes to your friends, and they would be regarded."

"I have just written my will, and given away my property as grandmother did."

I laughed heartily.

"Why, Nora," I said merrily, "a hat do you own that is valuable to give away?"

"I am worth a good deal, Maggie. There is my little closet with two shelves of books. I have five dolls, my cat, the ten-dollar gold piece Aunt Lizzie gave me, and twenty-five dollars in the savings bank which uncle George put in for me on my last birthday."

"Well, you are quite rich for a little girl."

"And if I should die, I want my property to do good; to have it make a few people better and happier," continued Nora with solemn and impressive earnestness.

"Don't talk about dying, Nora. What should put it into your head?" I cried, much surprised at her singular language.

"We must all die," she replied, "and we cannot know when God will take us. I've thought a great deal about it lately, since Annie More died. She was just my age, and it made me think I may die too."

I did not smile or speak. Something in Nora's words and tone silenced me, and a shiver of dread ran through my soul.

"I shall keep my will," said Nora, "in my portfolio, and if I should not live, I want you, Maggie, to do with all that belongs to me just as the paper directs."

"I will be true and faithful to your wishes, darling. You may be sure of that," and I threw my arms around her and kissed her again and again.

The summer passed quickly away, and the early autumn came full of glory and beauty. I was almost fifteen, and my soul was reaching out into the wide, grand future with irresistible longings. I was very happy. Uncle George and Aunt Edith had invited me to make them a visit of many weeks, and the novelty and advantages of a city life would soon open to me. It was the consummation of my brightest hopes, and I was actively employed in making preparations for my journey the ensuing week.

Oh, how much of joy or misery may overtake us even in one short week!

My trunk was packed for New York, and on the afternoon previous to my intended departure, Nora and I walked over to Cedar Creek to visit one of our friends—Jennie Wilson. We had a merry, joyous time. Tom Jackson placed us three in a swing, which came from the topmost branch of a high elm tree, and his vigorous arm sent us high into the air, laughing and shouting all the while. Then we took elementary lessons in horse-back riding, and went into the orchard and feasted on rich, juicy pears and peaches. I can never remember experiencing more exquisite enjoyment.

"O Nora!" I exclaimed. "The sun has gone down. We must go right home. Which way shall we take, the road or the path?"

"The path," she replied.

This path, which led to our home through several pastures and fields, was at least a mile nearer than the way by the road. After we started, and I saw the evening shadows deepening and lengthening, a feeling of timidity seized me.

"I must say, I don't like being out so late," I said. "I hope we shan't meet old crazy Joe."

"God will take care of us, Maggie, never fear."

I drew Nora's little white hand in mine and hurried on.

"I do wish they wouldn't always have such late suppers at Mrs. Wilson's. I hate to have to go home in the evening," I said petulantly.

"You forget, Maggie, we didn't start for half an hour after supper. You wanted to swing, you know."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, as we came to a narrow foot-bridge, "we must go over that bridge. Father said this morning it was very unsafe. I believe there is something wrong about the way it is fastened at one end."

"Haven't we better go back and take the road?" asked Nora doubtfully.

"No, I think not. It is almost dark, and you are getting tired. I guess there isn't any danger. Great fat Mr. Ambrose went over on it this morning, and if it held him, it certainly can us," I replied encouragingly.

The construction of the bridge was very simple—only two boards nailed together and fastened at each end to logs which lay on the bank of a small stream. It was little used, and the extent of its dilapidation was imperceptibly known.

"I'll go over first. I think the weight of one at a time is enough, and you follow me."

Saying this, I stepped carefully on the bridge and walked over. It swayed beneath me a little, but I was not alarmed.

"Now come, Nora," I said, "don't be afraid."

"I don't dare to go," she cried.

"The bridge shakes, and it will break in."

"Nonsense! It held me, and I'm twice as large as you. Come, come," I urged, "there is no danger."

Nora took a few steps forward, and I held out my hands to seize her the instant she came within my reach. But the bridge tottered under her. She grew frightened and bewildered, and stopped in the middle of it, too terrified to move.

"Don't stand there! come on, come on, as fast as you can! It is going to break."

"I can't, I'm afraid, I'm dizzy. What shall I do?" she was wild, imploring cry.

"Come along, if you value your life," I shrieked. "Don't stop there, come over!"

The words had hardly left my mouth when a frightful crash rent the calm evening air, and a wild, loud cry from Nora made the blood curdle in my veins. The bridge had broken, and Nora had disappeared under the water.

I was in agony. I grew dizzy and faint. My limbs were powerless to move, and objects grew indistinct before me. Then the necessity of action seemed forced upon me, and strength returned.

"Nora, Nora," I shouted, "where are you?"

I listened for a reply. No sound save my own voice was to be heard in the evening air, and all was dark and still. I gazed frantically into the stream. The water flowed on as peacefully as ever. Was the gentle river the shroud and resting-place of my darling sister?

"Nora! Nora!" I screamed again, and the hills and fields echoed my words, but brought me no reply. My anguish was dreadful. I ran up and down the bank, seeking in vain to catch a glimpse of my lost Nora, and wildly calling her name. But the water was dark and silent, and heeded not my despairing cries.

Suddenly the moon appeared through a rift in the clouds, and its silvery brightness revealed a part of the broken bridge. But where was Nora? Just then a low, feeble cry many rods down the stream reached my ear. It was Nora's voice, and I ran in the direction of the sound. She had gone down with the bridge, and though almost paralyzed by terror, had kept up a struggle for life; and seizing a small piece of board, had floated down the river with it, and catching the overhanging branches of an oak tree, was now holding on to them.

Marvelous strength suddenly came to me. I waded into the river, and though the water almost reached my shoulders, I felt no fear. Nora was alive, and intense joy overpowered every other feeling.

"Let go of the tree, and I'll hold you," I said with authority.

She obeyed with implicit trust, and I caught her in my arms and carried her to the shore. She was weak and exhausted, and I put my arm around her, and supported her till we reached home. Oh, how my heart thrilled with joy and gratitude to my Heavenly Father who had spared the precious life of my only sister!

From the shock of that dreadful night Nora never recovered. A severe cold was the consequence, and soon symptoms of fever manifested themselves. Dr. Hart was called, and pronounced her illness very serious.

Several days passed. Mother and I watched by Nora's bedside, but our love and tenderest care availed nothing. She grew gradually worse till all hope fled from our hearts.

One day after she had lain silent and motionless with closed eyes several hours, her lips parted in a smile, and with a faint voice she said, "Mother!"

"What is it, my darling?"

"I am going—going. Heaven is bright and beautiful, and I am happy. Oh, so very happy! Jesus is with me. He is the good Shepherd, and I am one of His lambs and He will take care of me."

There was a long silence. Mother's tears flowed fast, and I clasped Nora's hands and pressed them again and again to my heart, but no sound came from my lips.

"Maggie, dearest sister," she whispered, "I wanted to live and do good, but you will finish my work."

I bowed an assent.

You know my secret. You'll find the paper in my portfolio. Don't grieve for me, Maggie. I'm going to the beautiful city, and you'll come to me soon."

A few hours later the pure spirit of my sister took its flight. Another soul had joined the host of the redeemed in heaven.

I mourned, refusing to be comforted. Life had no charms, and I sank into hopeless despondency. Finally my higher nature gained the mastery. I resolved, with God's help, to do His will, and to make myself, like Nora, worthy of an eternal inheritance. All the powers of my being were consecrated to His service, and my soul gradually became tranquil and happy.

In Nora's portfolio I found a sheet of paper written in her well-known, childish hand. It was as follows:—

MY WILL.



bought to be at once apparent; but it is, as a rule, overlooked. We have known the plain sewing taken from the seamstresses of a village, and given to Church clubs, for a winter; the consequence of which was, hungry women asking parish help, and a stained-glass window back of the pulpit.

Secondly: In reading-clubs, let the time for each reader be limited by a flexible rule. If this is not done, there will be found in every such club at least one dogmatic, selfish reader who will force his author and his voice upon the club, until in disgust and weariness the members fall off and the experiment fails.

married but six weeks, an aged mother, an only sister, and one brother—Rev. Owen Tyler, of the East Maine Conference. A. P.

ANDREW L. MERBILL died in Windsor, Me., Nov. 2, aged 81 years.

This young brother gave his heart to God during a revival of religion in this place, a little more than two years since. He soon connected himself with the M. E. class, received baptism, lived well until called away, and then died well. He rests from his labors. May his mantle fall upon his father, mother, brothers and sisters! A. P.

SOLOMON CHADWICK died in New Bedford, Oct. 5, 1877, aged 57 years.

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